

# The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

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LEOPOLD III, KING OF THE BELGIANS



THE QUEEN, ASTRID

**P**RESENTING their majesties, the King and the Queen of the Belgians . . . Leopold III, like his father, the lamented Albert, has ascended to the throne with a practical experience in cosmopolitan affairs befitting Rotarians in high position. . . . Albert, while yet a prince, visited the United States; worked on newspapers in Brooklyn and Saint Paul; learned from Railroadman James J. Hill how to run a locomotive; travelled, read, studied widely . . . Leopold at thirteen was a private in the army; later served in the Senate; specialized in the study of colonial administration; wedded the comely Princess Astrid of Sweden. He has two hobbies—trout fishing and butterfly collecting; enjoys driving his own car; and, like his sire, takes an active and intelligent interest in advancing the welfare of man through Rotary.



Photographs: R. Marchand, Brussels.

# Open Up, Oyster!

By Frank B. McAllister

**W**E RECALL attending a college dinner at which Calvin Coolidge, then lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, and Dwight Morrow, rapidly advancing lawyer and financier, were neighbors at table. These men had been classmates at Amherst and were warm friends. Morrow made sundry attempts to get the conversational ball rolling with his companion, but it was not Mr. Coolidge's night to talk. After a while, Morrow gave up the attempt.

He was on the program to respond to the toast of "Calvin Coolidge." When he rose, Morrow said, "Gentlemen, it's a lot easier to talk *about* Brother Coolidge than to talk *with* him." The words were not said with unkindness, but as simply stating a fact that most of the guests knew already. Then, the speaker proceeded with a ringing eulogy of the man who already was on the path to the White House.

How many of us with no claim to the Coolidge fame or splendid achievement still share the man's social disability at this point! There are many excellent citizens, frequent diners out, who make it mighty difficult for the people at table with them.

It is our experience and observation that too many Rotary luncheons are disappointing in this respect. There is too little informal sociability, too little of the give and take of friendly talk—an exercise that may well be far more rewarding than the set address of the brother who comes from afar to describe, perhaps, the present status of the wood pulp industry. How often the eatables are consumed stodgily and in silence! Songs are sung as a regulation item of the show, but without zest. It would be far better to have less oratory, to omit the perfunctory singing and to have more of friendly and informal association.

It is not our understanding that Paul Harris, calling together his little group in Chicago, was establishing merely an eating club, or a business man's lyceum. He wanted to get men of different professions to know each other better, to enrich each other's personalities by sharing viewpoints. Rough corners were to be smoothed down, and angular lines softened by vital human fellowships.

Conversation is by no means the difficult matter we often make it out to be. Anyone can converse well who has a little imagination and a desire to contribute something to the happiness of another. It is not incumbent on one to be profound or learned in conversation. As a matter of fact, most of us talk

Silence may be golden, as wise men have observed, but nobody is expected to remain on the gold standard at a Rotary luncheon.

not to tell what we know, but to try to find out what we know. The very effort clarifies our thought.

Moreover, it is not essential to the game that we convince anybody by our arguments. Why wield a battle axe on some inoffensive person who does not happen to share our opinions? There is a jolly good chance that he may be right, and we be wrong, anyway. In any event, why not give him a break?

**O**NE of the best definitions of conversation we ever came upon was that by the English scholar, Sir John P. Mahaffy—"To take up what others say in easy comment, to give in return something that will please, to stimulate the silent and morose out of their vapors and surprise them into good humor, to lead while one seems to follow—this is the real aim of good conversation."

There, surely, you have a proper ideal for the good fellows of the Rotary fellowship who, each week, stretch their legs under the same dining table. Let us cultivate the gentle, delightful art of conversation. The range of topics is limitless. There is always pabulum for discussion in the day's news, even when Congress has folded up and gone home.

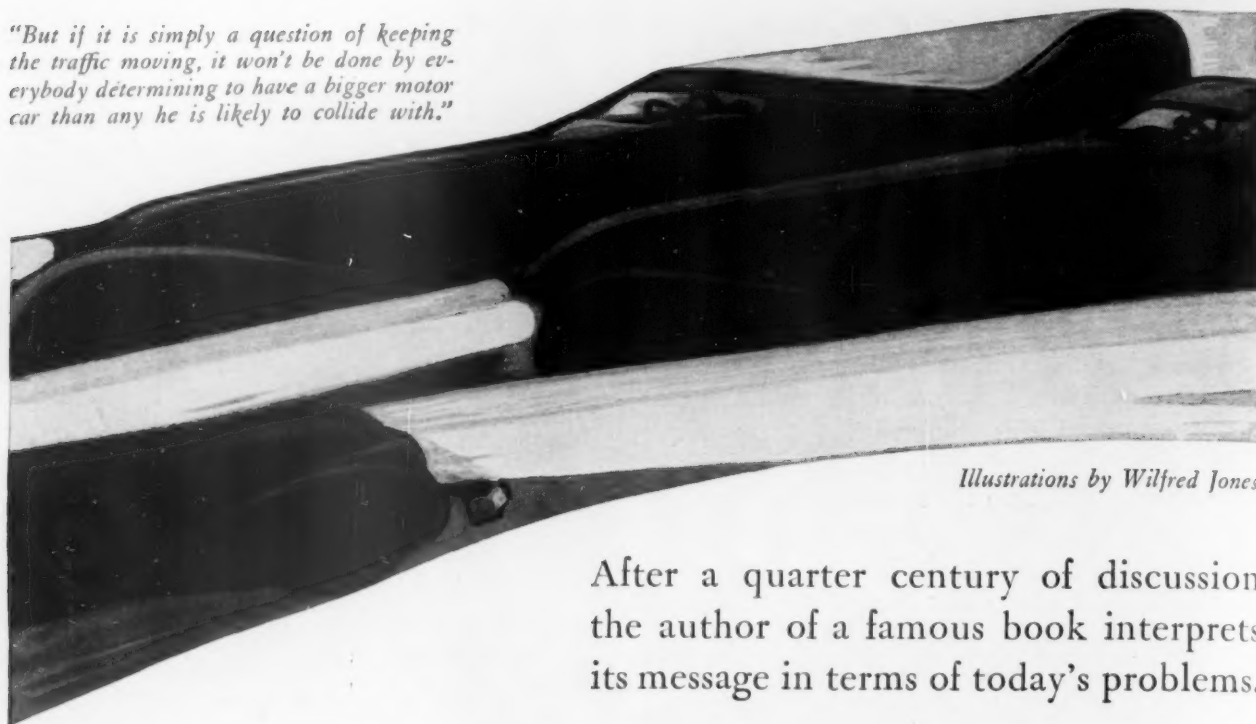
It will be a health lift, as well as a moral triumph for Jack Tompkins—who knows all about sole leather—to tell what he knows, or does not know, for instance, about the butterflies that George Johnson's son, Billie, is collecting. Even the weather can be taken for a ride when the meeting threatens to develop super-Quaker tendencies. Most of us would ten times rather talk with Charley Jenkins about the antics of the thermometer on his back porch than to spend a half hour merely glooming into roast beef.

You have a personal duty and privilege in this matter, brother Rotarian. Beware those glum moods that throw a pall over the assembly. Don't let any visiting brother write down either you or your club as a "wet smack," to employ the beautiful, academic idiom. The emblem of Rotary is a gleaming wheel that carries us on through fair or stormy weather—not a bivalve in the harbor mud.

Open up, Oyster!



"But if it is simply a question of keeping the traffic moving, it won't be done by everybody determining to have a bigger motor car than any he is likely to collide with."



Illustrations by Wilfred Jones

After a quarter century of discussion the author of a famous book interprets its message in terms of today's problems.

## Still the World's Great Illusion

By Sir Norman Angell

**T**WO truths touching the recent world-wide economic collapse ought particularly to be noted.

The first is this: The vast economic upheavals which have racked the Western world—Britain, America, France, Germany—have not occurred as the result of revolutions from below, of Socialist uprisings for instance. The World War, itself, accountable for by far the greater part of the dislocation, was not the work of revolutionists, but of highly Conservative statesmen. The peace treaties, which are held to be accountable for so much of the post-war unrest, were also the work of Conservative governments. If, therefore, as is so freely predicted, our present Capitalist system collapses as the result of the war and the peace combined, then the collapse will have been brought about by Capitalists themselves, not by Socialists whom Capitalists seem so much to have feared.

That is one fact. The other is more familiar but its implication is only partly recognized. Our present economic miseries are not the result of natural scarcity; of drought or bad crops, the niggardliness of nature. On the contrary, our tools are now so pro-

ductive that the earth could yield infinitely more than in fact it is yielding. The problem is to render its fruits available for human consumption. And that is a problem of coöperation, of difficulties which arise not from material obstacles in inanimate physical nature, but in human nature, in certain ideas and feelings.

What ideas? And what feelings? What is the basis, the nature, of this failure of necessary coöperation? At what point does the chief dislocation arise?

**T**HAT was, in fact, the central question which *The Great Illusion*\* asked. How it is answered will be indicated in a moment. The book was in no sense directed against Capitalism as such, but it did warn business men that certain political and economic ideas, almost universal amongst them, would be certain ultimately, if acted upon, to destroy their order; or any economic order.

I sometimes doubt whether anyone has ever read *The Great Illusion* or its new version, for its central idea is usually missed. I do not refer to the silly misrepresentation that it was supposed to have foretold

\*By the author of this article. First published in 1910, this book has been translated into several languages, sales running to a million copies. A sequel, *The Great Illusion* 1933, has also been widely commented upon.





*"Nations do not desire to protect, but to eat up each other. The national power of each is just an instrument . . ."*

the "impossibility" of war or that war could not last more than a few weeks, because "finance would make it impossible" or something equally idiotic. There is not a line in the book suggesting any such nonsense. I refer, rather, to the more informed generalization that it tried to show that "war does not pay," which, though accurate as far as it goes, is certainly inadequate.

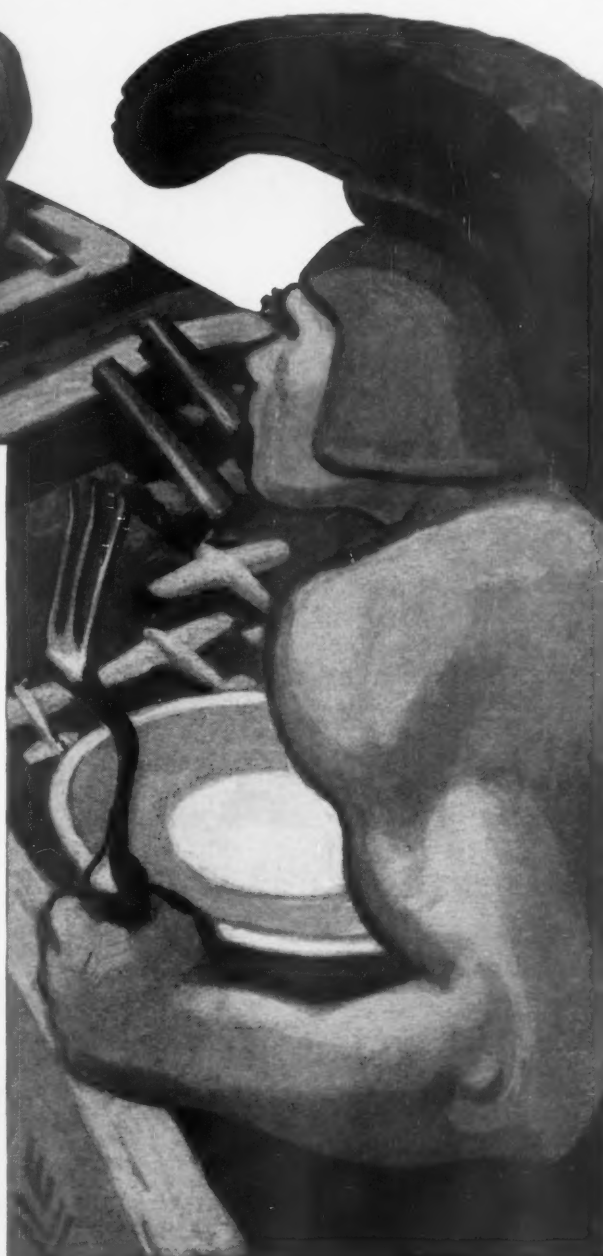
Not infrequently a commentator adds that since very few people today believe war pays; that in any case "our country" (i.e., whichever one the critic may be writing in) has no intention of going to war except to defend itself, and that it would do that whether it "paid" or not — in view of all that, he is apt to add, the theme has not much relevance to our present problems. Which would show that the commentator has not thought much of the nature of war, of our present economic chaos, of the obstacles which prevent the coöperation that might end chaos and prevent recurrence.

Broadly speaking, no nation wants war, but all

want defense; and all take defensive measures which make war inevitable, defense ineffective, and the coöperations indispensable to a stable and workable world in peacetime impossible.

If I had to state the central idea of the book in a single phrase, it would be, not that "war does not pay," but that conquest does not conquer, nor victory defend. Wealth can no longer be seized by a conqueror, nor a rival's trade be transferred; the attempt to do it causes both wealth and trade to disappear. If power is to be effective for defense, it can only be so insofar as it gives strength to a law, "a rule of the road," a process.

That truth is even more urgent today than when outlined a generation ago: for its neglect has brought



us appreciably nearer that collapse of free and civilized society which was forecast as a possible outcome of the international anarchy.

Note certain implications of that outline: It accepts the fact that nations will defend themselves by arms; it does not suggest the abolition of armaments, nor challenge their use for defense; it criticizes their misuse in such a way as to defeat the purpose of defense. Further, it is not the will-to-peace which is lacking; men want peace, and for the most part hate war. Mere fulmination against "war," therefore, gets us nowhere. War comes, not because men want it, but because they are mistaken as to the means by which it may be avoided. It is not due to evil intention. Men go to war, not usually believing themselves to be wrong, but usually on both sides believing themselves to be right. They believe they are putting might behind right, when in fact they are putting it behind the denial of right.

**W**HAT is the essence of the error involved? It is twofold, due: (1) To the belief that defense can be secured by arming the rival parties to a dispute, the litigants; whereas the members of a community, whether a community of nations or of individuals, can only be made secure by arming the law, not the litigants; and (2) to the belief that the defense of national wealth depends upon the defense of territory or materials; whereas it depends upon the defense of the processes of exchange by which material is made available for human welfare.

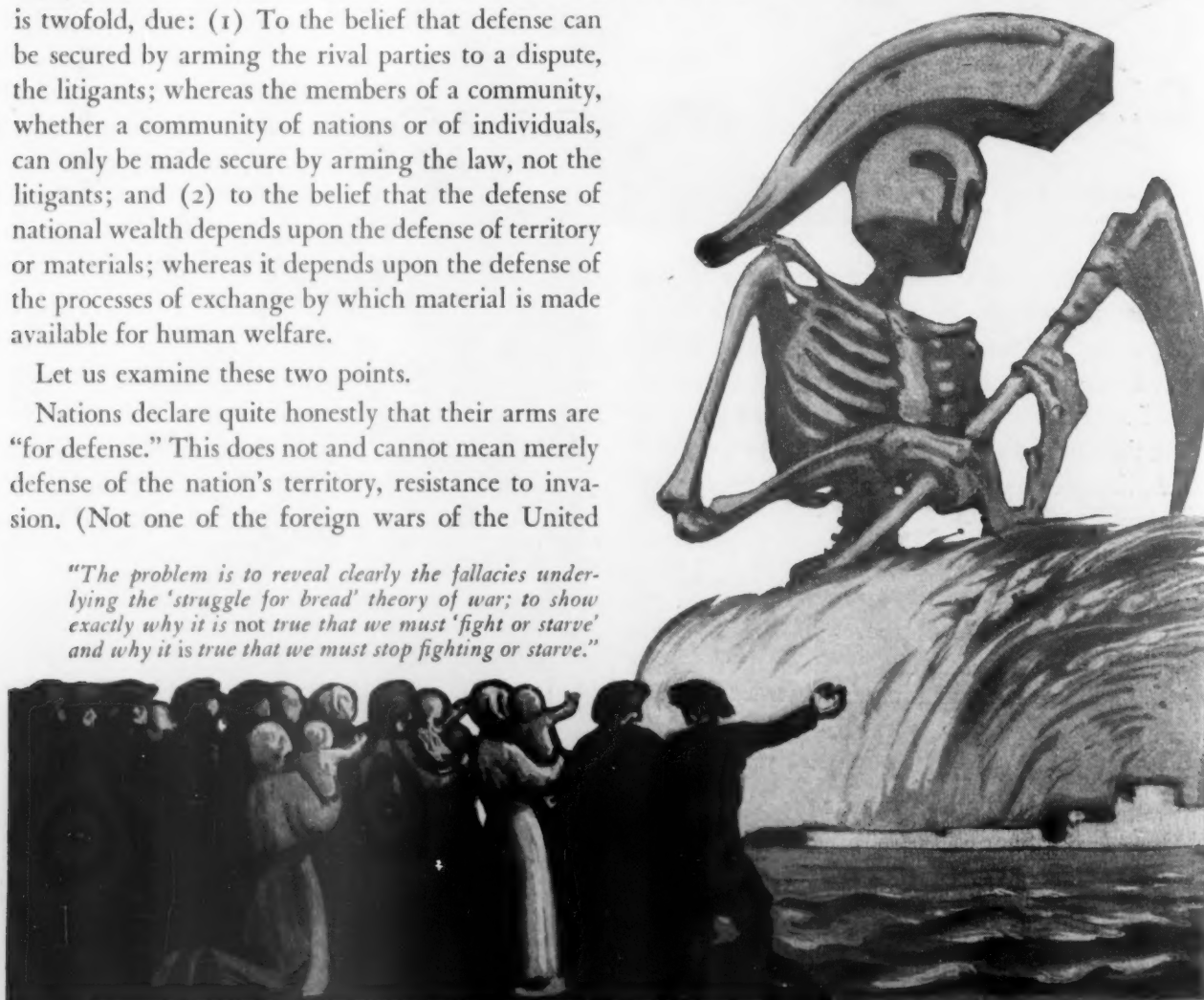
Let us examine these two points.

Nations declare quite honestly that their arms are "for defense." This does not and cannot mean merely defense of the nation's territory, resistance to invasion. (Not one of the foreign wars of the United

States, the least aggressive of all nations, has been for the purpose of resisting actual invasion.) Defense, of course, must include defense of a nation's legitimate interests, its rights, when those rights are assailed by another. Questions in dispute involving trade, intercourse, the use of rivers, canals, protection of citizens on land and sea, may arise in any quarter of the world, as American interests and rights have in the past called for protection—and actual landing of soldiers—in Europe, Africa, China, Japan, Russia, Nicaragua, Colombia, Haiti, Cuba, the Philippines.

But if defense means defense of what we believe to be our rights in a dispute with another, note what happens when we claim sufficient individual power to prevent challenge to them.

If Nation A has sufficient power to be sure of victory over Nation B in any dispute between them, what becomes of the defense of B? Is he to go without any defense of his rights? For if one party to a dispute has such preponderance of power that the other cannot resist, the [Continued on page 41]



*"The problem is to reveal clearly the fallacies underlying the 'struggle for bread' theory of war; to show exactly why it is not true that we must 'fight or starve' and why it is true that we must stop fighting or starve."*



Photo: Acme.

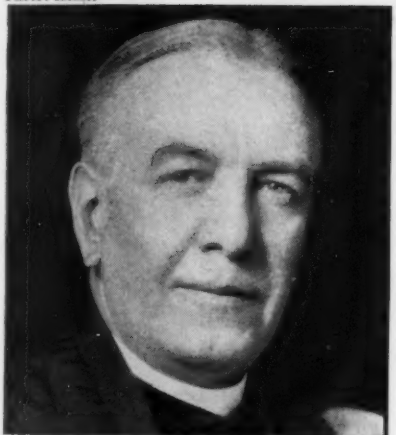


Photo: Underwood &amp; Underwood.



No cupping of the ears, no straining to hear in this auditorium, where will be held the convention's plenary sessions. Among the speakers (reading down) are: Mark Sullivan, widely read commentator on "Our Times;" Bishop James E. Freeman, of Washington, D.C., whose topic is "Peace by Peoples;" Charles L. Wheeler, San Francisco shipping man, who will talk on employee relations.

## You Need No Key to Detroit!

**By Clinton P. Anderson**

*Chairman, Detroit Convention Committee*

**D**ETROIT in June! What does it mean to the Rotarian from around-the-world who is looking forward to the twenty-fifth annual convention, June 25 - 29?

First of all, of course, it means a trip to the great Motor Capital of America, home of the prize pupil in Uncle Sam's recovery program and for many years the center of industrial interest. It means an opportunity to visit the great plants which have been erected in and adjacent to the Motor Capital and an opportunity to study the methods of manufacture which have become typical of American enterprise and ingenuity.

But to Rotary, as an organization, it means an opportunity to unveil and to develop a program of continued usefulness to mankind. It will involve more than a cursory glance at the changing economic conditions. The thoughts of all Rotarians should be turned to the principles which have underlain our economic distress and the methods which may make it possible for us to move out into the sunlight.

Those who are familiar with Detroit feel that the setting is perfect for an inspiring convention. In the magnificent Temple Auditorium





Photo: Underwood &amp; Underwood.



Photo: © Marceau.



Photo: Underwood &amp; Underwood.

the plenary sessions of the convention will have facilities which have never been surpassed. There will be no twisting of necks to catch a glimpse of the speaker, no cupping of ears in an effort to hear his words. The thousands who throng Detroit will find an auditorium planned for the convenience of those who attend, and surrounding it every accommodation for the House of Friendship, the meeting of the Council on Legislation, the sessions of committees, as well as the commodious drill hall in which the President's Ball will be staged.

The entertainment features will take the fullest possible advantage of the setting. Starting with the Sunday evening concert by a group of Mexican singers and entertainers, the program is full of the features which divert as well as those which instruct. Monday evening has been set aside for a great outdoor festival in the park and street which adjoin the Auditorium, but those who do not care for this will find plenty within to catch their interest. There will be dancing in the Crystal Ballroom. In the main auditorium, the Chrysler Male Choir, an outstanding example of industry's interest in its employees, will present a concert; while in an adjoining auditorium a continuous moving picture entertainment will show features of the automobile industry, including the assembling of cars, the testing of designs, and the perfection of new models.

**T**HOUGH the Council on Legislation will hold its inaugural meeting on Monday morning, the main program of the convention will not open until Monday afternoon. There will be the usual welcome and responses, the customary reports of officers, and then what promises to be an epochal address by Mark Sullivan, author and commentator on modern life. Surely no one is better fitted to discuss the recent changes which have swept the world than the man who has given us a current history in the series of books appearing under the general title of "Our Times."

It will be the task of Mr. Sullivan to challenge Rotarians to study the new note which has come so suddenly in the business and political life of almost every country in the world. In the United States it may be the New Deal; in Russia, the Communistic régime. No matter by what name it is called, the world of business, of transportation, of government, even of home-life, has been changing.

Starting with his widely read "Our Times" book, "The Turn of the Century," Mr. Sullivan has been making a clinical diagnosis of American life which has continued up to the present moment. In his address before the convention he will seek out the new currents which are moving around us, attempt to interpret their meaning, to correlate them with the currents which have circulated in other lands, and, finally, to develop in the minds of his hearers, and through them in the consciousness of Rotary clubs generally, the desire to know "what it is all about" and where it is likely to lead us.

*Prominent on the program are (reading down): James A. Farley, postmaster general of the United States; John Nelson, of Montreal, president of Rotary International; Professor William Lyon Phelps, of New Haven, Connecticut; and Charles D. Hurrey, of New York City, general secretary of Committee on Friendly Relations among Foreign Students.*

Tuesday morning will find the convention engrossed in the study of the theme which the address of Mr. Sullivan will have introduced. What, for example, are new responsibilities on the employer? With the curing of many of the evils which existed in competition between crafts, added opportunities for Vocational Service in the relationships between the employer and the employee have arisen. Charles Wheeler, past president of the San Francisco Rotary Club and directing head of the McCormick Steamship Company, will discuss experiences which he has had among his own men as a part of a personal program in Vocational Service. Charles F. Kettering, remembered for his stirring article on "new ideas" in the April *ROTARIAN*, will bring a message based on his experience as research man with General Motors.

But Rotary's mission is not localized nor held within national lines. If it is to succeed, it is an international program, and it is through international craft relationships that our greatest contribution may be made. Vivian Carter of London, former editor of *THE ROTARIAN* and for many years organizing secretary of Rotary International: Association for Great Britain and Ireland, has devoted many years of thought to this possibility, and his address on that subject will close the program.

In the afternoon there will be the Vocational Service craft assemblies, dealing with the new program possibilities of Vocational Service. In the evening the district dinners will be held, and, as a new step in the development of fellowship, groups of dinners will be held in individual Detroit hotels—all the dinners within one hotel then merging into a great fellowship dance.

**C**OMMUNITY and Youth Service has its inning on Wednesday. Highlights for the day to many Americans will be the appearance of James A. Farley, United States postmaster general, and Professor William Lyon Phelps.

It will be Mr. Farley's privilege to describe the program of the United States government in Community Service. He will tell not only of the care of transient youth, but of the reforestation and subsistence homestead activities, as well as the many other efforts and plans that look toward the relief of unemployment, the easing of urban congestion, and the development of new responsibilities of citizenship. Other speakers from many lands will supplement his discussion by describing their efforts to cope with problems of unrest in the lives of youth.

Harking back to the theme of Tuesday, Professor Phelps will buttress his talk with the fact that increased productivity throughout the world is leading to a new leisure for many people. Unhired hours are fraught with potentialities both social and unsocial. Here rears the head of an increasingly important problem—one with which the versatile mind of this man is admirably equipped to grapple. Few American college professors are more beloved than "Billy" [*Continued on page 56*]

*Reading down: Dr. Herbert N. Shenton, of Columbia University, executive secretary of the International Language Association; Roy Loudon, of Fairfield, Iowa, chairman of the Rotary Foundation Promotion Committee; Vivian Carter, of London, former editor of THE ROTARIAN; Charles F. Kettering, vice president in charge of research, General Motors Corporation.*



Photo: © Harris & Ewing.



Illustrations by  
Albert H. Winkler



"Harris Mead was but a boy in grammar school when Rotary was established in Cogville, back in 1918. . . Harris was the first lad to qualify as an Eagle Scout. . . Now he, himself, is the scoutmaster."

## Facts of the Case

ROTARIANS OF COGVILLE, population 3700, are disturbed. The reason is Harris Mead—age 28. He can't get into the Rotary club because his classification, 'creameries,' is filled by John Standbye, 60.

BE IT REMEMBERED that Rotary has three types of membership, to wit: (a) *active* (and *additional active* for one fellow executive recommended by an active member from his concern); (b) *honorary*; and (c) *past service* for a Rotarian of five years' standing no longer eligible because of retirement from active business life.

# Mead vs. Cogville Rotary Club

## I. The Case for Harris Mead, Plaintiff

By 'Attorney' L. Dudley Field

Past Governor, Twenty-eighth District, Rotary International

**Y**OUR Honor, "Judge" and President Fairplay, and gentlemen of the jury—members of the Rotary Club of Cogville.

I appear before you today on behalf of Harris Mead, who was recently proposed for membership in this Rotary club.

You have been informed by the Classification Committee that the classification of "creameries," under which my client's name has been proposed, is filled; wherefore Harris Mead has been refused membership in Rotary, notwithstanding the fact that there has not been and cannot be the slightest question as to his character, the integrity of his classification,

nor any doubt as to his qualities of leadership in this community.

Harris Mead was but a boy in grammar school when Rotary was established in Cogville, back in 1918. When this club, as one of its first activities, put itself strongly back of the Boy Scout movement in this community and organized a troop at Whittier School, Harris was the first lad to qualify as an Eagle Scout, the highest award attainable in Scouting. Your late member, Walter Goodwill, his scoutmaster, pinned his badge on Harris Mead with justifiable pride on that memorable occasion. Now, as you know, he himself is the scoutmaster.



When Harris went away to college, after a high-school course in which he shone as a leader both in athletics and in scholarship, it was largely because of the inspiration of his success that this Rotary club organized its own Student Loan Fund, so that his close friend, Eddie Benton, and three other boys since that time, whose finances were inadequate, could also go to college. It was a service both sound and wise, as results have proved. Rotary has already meant a great deal to these boys, all of whom are without doubt hoping they may some day qualify for Rotary membership.

There isn't now, nor has there been, any question as to Harris Mead's character, or his ability to carry on the Mead Creamery, established by his late father. Most of you men have watched Harris with pride as he matured into manhood. You know Harris and his antecedents. You have no doubt as to his financial or social standing. His connection with the church, his activity in the political welfare of this community, his family life, his interest in military affairs, all testify to the fact that there is no finer representative of young manhood in Cogville than Harris Mead.

On all counts but one he appears to be an acceptable prospect for Rotary club membership. And that one count, a mere regulation or rule, seems not only to tie the hands of your Board of Directors, but also

to blind their eyes to a condition which, if it is to continue, will eventually bring about the undoing of the many fine things Rotary has stood for in Cogville, or what may be even worse, the stagnation and eventual demise of this great world-wide organization of which you are all justly proud.

True it is that no game can be played without rules, and the by-laws and regulations of a club such as this were designed to be observed strictly, and must be regarded seriously so long as they are a source of strength and not of weakness, so long as they build up the positive powers of the organization and do not become destructive of its very aims and objects.

**T**RUE it is, likewise, that Rotary's phenomenal success has been largely attributed to the principle of the single classification, the acceptance of one man only from each vocational classification. But gentlemen! has not the time arrived, as this case definitely demonstrates, to consider amending or modifying this principle so that it may not sap the strength of Rotary instead of nourishing it?

Rotarian Standbye, who now holds the classification of "creameries" in this club, is saddened by the turn of events. He is sympathetic with my client, wishing most sincerely that he might be admitted. Of course, this young man is his competitor, but an upright and ethical one. There is sufficient business in this dairying and agricultural community to support for many years these two enterprises. Mr. Mead's father and Mr. Standbye were always friendly competitors and worked together to improve the creamery industry here. Mr. Standbye grasped Rotary early, became a charter member, and has enjoyed its fellowship for nearly sixteen years. He carried into his business and to his competitor the business principles for which Rotary stands. Harris Mead, it seems to me, is almost a ready-made Rotarian.

Mr. Standbye has even suggested, in the spirit of "Service Above Self," that he might resign from the Rotary club. Of course you would not listen to that. You want him to keep this association which has meant so much to him and to you. Rotarian Standbye is no longer a young man. You helped him celebrate his sixtieth birthday not so long ago by dedicating your weekly meeting to him.

It would be a sad blow to [Continued on page 47]



*"There isn't now, nor has there been, any question as to Harris Mead's character, or his ability to carry on the Mead Creamery, established by his late father."*

**AS A VARIATION** in form from the regular debates-of-the-month, *The Rotarian* this month presents a mock trial. Its purpose is to bring out in humanized form the basic arguments for and against the Proposed Enactment 34-1, offered by the Board of Directors of Rotary International for action at the Detroit Convention. . . . Although the arguments are addressed to members of the hypothetical Cogville Rotary Club, the real jurors, of course, are the 148,000 Rotarians of the world. They will voice their verdict through their club delegates attending the convention. . . . And, as is customary with the regular monthly debates, the Open Forum department will welcome brief comments. — The Editors.

*John K. Standbye who holds the "creameries" classification.*



## **Mead vs. Cogville Rotary Club**

### ***2. The Case for the Rotary Club, Defendant***

**By 'Attorney' Paul S. Bond**

*Former Governor, Thirty-fifth District, Rotary International*

**Y**OUR Honor, "Judge" Fairplay, and members of the Rotary Club of Cogville.

I can heartily agree with everything my brother, the attorney for the plaintiff, has said concerning the character and proven business ability of his client, Harris Mead. He is indeed a useful and valuable citizen of this city; his activity in community and social service is outstanding, and no one of us doubts that, whether in or out of Rotary, Harris Mead's record of achievement will continue from year to year. If he represented another Rotary classification there could not be found a better prospect for membership in the Rotary Club of Cogville.

But the real issue in this case, gentlemen, is not concerned with the character nor the ability of this young man whose name has been proposed for membership. It strikes at a fundamental Rotary principle. The question before you is whether or not this club will take certain steps toward having the single classification rule altered to such an extent as to provide for the beginning of a dual classification principle.

We are in accord with the statement for the plaintiff that no mere regulation or rule should keep a capable man from membership in Rotary *provided*, however, that the rule or regulation in question is

not vital and fundamental to the very structure of Rotary itself. We are not so much concerned with the individual case of Harris Mead as we are with the effect which the abandonment of the single classification principle will have upon the future growth and strength of Rotary around the globe. In this particular case we might adopt the dual classification principle and admit Harris Mead to membership in the Rotary Club of Cogville, but when this principle is applied to the varying conditions in the 3,700 Rotary clubs over all the world I tremble for Rotary's future.

The attorney for the plaintiff has asked you to consider a recommendation supporting a proposed enactment at the coming Rotary International convention in Detroit that will make possible some type of "senior" membership which might be elected or accepted by a man who has served Rotary for ten years. But this would separate him from his classification and thereby allow the club to admit some competitor of the semi-retiring member, a competitor who would assume the active classification formerly held by the senior member.

The avowed purpose of this arrangement is to introduce "young blood" into the membership of Rotary clubs. This purpose is both laudatory and neces-

sary. I agree that the problem of providing a supply of younger and more energetic men for membership in Rotary is a problem which will concern every Rotary club as the movement grows older. Rotary has been likened to a relay race. We must run our part—then pass the baton to the next man. But do we need to change our rules to do it? I think not.

It is our sincere conviction that the needed supply of younger men may be provided under the Rotary regulations now established without sacrificing the principle of single classification, which is unique in Rotary and which has proved such a tower of strength to the movement. I am defending this principle not because it is already established, but because its operation all down through the years in both theory and practice has proved the wisdom of the founders of Rotary.

**I** WANT to ask the attorney for the plaintiff, right here and now, whether this proposed arrangement would carry any provision for an age-limit, thereby making certain that "young" men would be elected to membership to fill the classification vacated by the senior member? While the Rotary Club of Cogville, under this proposal, is happy in having a young man like Harris Mead to take over John Standbye's classification, that of "creameries," many of the other clubs in the world might not be so fortunate. They would have the constant temptation, in seeking to lengthen their rosters, to elect any eligible man to fill the classification thus made vacant regardless of age.

And when the Standbys of other clubs are approached and asked, either directly or by implication, to accept the senior classification, thereby allowing the club to increase in membership, what will be their answer? Their adopted motto, "Service Above Self," would almost dictate that they comply with the wishes of the membership boosters, take their places on the Rotary membership shelf, and allow other men, their competitors, to represent their classifications in the club.

With the advent of this dual classification rule you would see Rotary decline in dignity and prestige. This would be true even right here in Cogville. Your former president, Otto Blucher, who represents the classification of "shoes, [Continued on page 48]



*"But the real issue in this case, gentlemen, isn't concerned with the character nor the ability of the young man. . . It strikes at a fundamental Rotary principle."*



# Have You Met Mr. Toadflax?

**By Robert Sparks Walker**

*Author and Naturalist.*

**T**HE best way I know to get acquainted with a wild flower is to speak to it, call it by its first name—Rotary style—and shake hands with it every time it is met just as you do with a man or woman you wish to know better. Make friendship-with-flowers your hobby. You will find it less expensive than golf—and a source of wholesome and lasting delights.

Scores of people who yearn to become better acquainted with wild flowers inquire how to know them. Invariably I reply by telling them simply to treat wild flowers as they do interesting strangers. Speak to a wild flower every time it is met. Pat it on the back in a friendly sort of way. Study its personality with a desire to know it well.

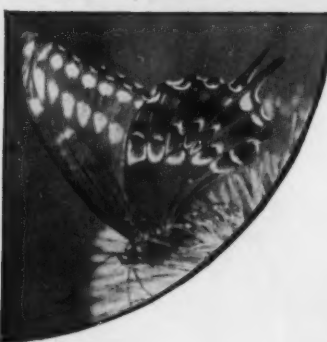
Somehow, I have long felt that a wild flower is as conscious of our behavior towards it as is any human friend. That it cannot speak to us in English is not to me proof that it is dumb and does not understand our friendly acts toward it. Indeed, a flower demonstrates to us that it knows certain kinds of insects and their habits.

I believe a wild flower knows far more about

Photos (below):  
By L. W. Brownell,  
Paterson, N.J.



Photo: Henri Manuel, Paris.



*"Make friendship-with-flowers your hobby. You will find it . . . a source of wholesome delights."*

*Narcissuses (above) ever recall a youth who pined away adoring his own reflection.*

*Katydid is inspecting Goldenrod; below is Lady's Slipper. Mr. Butterfly is using Thistle for a landing field.*

entomology and botany than does the average person.

The Sleepy Catchfly plant, for instance, knows that ants are fond of nectar as are bees and butterflies. To keep the ants from climbing up his stem and stealing this sweet food, Sleepy Catchfly makes a sticky flypaper and spreads it around the stem directly beneath each division, one on each branch, so the ant who attempts to walk across becomes hopelessly entangled in the sticky mass. The Sleepy Catchfly knows that an ant cannot distribute the pollen properly on the flowers, but the small winged insects can, and Sleepy does not propose to permit ants to steal the sweet liquid that he has prepared especially for the winged insects that can befriend him.

So does Mr. Yellow Toadflax know the winged

creature that is capable of cross-fertilizing his flower, which is shaped like a mouth. A hundred or more different kinds of visitors may come to his flower and try to force their way inside but the mouth refuses to raise its lips because these guests cannot distribute the pollen. But when the proper insect arrives, it finds the flower in a different mood, for when it alights on the lower lip, Toadflax opens its mouth and lets the insect crawl inside.

A wild flower that displays this much horse-sense should be classed with the man or woman who has a college education, and it should be looked on with as much respect and consideration. Such flowers make the best of friends.

**W**ILD flowers are so humanlike that, for the life of me, I cannot keep from looking on them as I do a man. Some of them deal hospitably with animals, some are really charitable, some are cold-blooded and some would threaten the trespassers with death. For example, Ground Nut (*Apios Tuberosa*) offers his edible tuber as a tasty and nourishing morsel to the hungry man or animal.

Mr. Indian Turnip, or Jack-in-the-Pulpit, turns a deaf ear to the animal crying from hunger, and fills his tuber or corm with a substance that makes the one who eats it in a raw state feel that his palate is being pierced with a thousand sharp needles. Yet the peppery part disappears when the bulb is cooked. Then it is edible. Poison Hemlock and Water Pars-

nip also display a cold-blooded attitude when it comes to dealing with animals when hungry. They fill their edible parts with a poison that threatens with death those who would eat them.

There are plants, which if they were men, would be classed as thieves. Among them would fall the very popular decorative plant known as Mistletoe. But Mistletoe, in stealing promiscuously from all parts of the inside pantry of its host tree, comes into



Photos: Brownell, Paterson, N.J.



*Mr. Toadflax (above) is wise. He is cold to the hundreds of winged creatures that pause at his threshold until the right insect—capable of cross-fertilizing his flowers—arrives. Then he radiates cordiality.*

*Indian Pipe is a sly fellow. In his early life he feigns abject humility. His head bends low—perhaps because he is a parasite and knows it. When it is flowering time, he puts all such nonsense aside, takes the kink out of his stiff neck and shows to the whole world his miracle—a bloom that has no resemblance to pipes once puffed by American Indians.*

possession of some property which he cannot use until it has been converted into food. If Mistletoe's roots reached no farther than the sapwood of a tree, he would be a leafless plant. But, not satisfied with the prepared food that he captures in the cambium or tender part of the outside layer beneath the bark of a tree, he sends roots into the heartwood, and there runs counter with liquid material, raw and unfit for food, as it is being transported from the earth to the foliage. With this raw stuff on his hands, Mistletoe has no way to dispose of it, so he is forced to grow a leaf system of his own by which he prepares the material into food fit to eat. Thus Mistletoe, not only eats the food prepared by a tree neighbor, but devours that of his own cooking.

It is different with Dodder, or Love Vine. Dodder's small seed sprouts in early springtime, and the young shoot reaches

*As cunning as a fox is Venus' Flytrap (below). A pebble is soon ejected—but not so a juicy insect. The instant a foot flicks the hairy triggers he is doomed to be a meal for this odd carnivorous plant.*

Photo: A. Tennyson Beals, New York.



Photos: Brownell, Paterson, N.J.

*Who has not thrilled to the chaste beauty of Water Lilies (above), or watched intently as a bumble bee explored honey possibilities of Clover?*

out as if to shake hands with the nearest neighbor. Instead of doing this, it entwines itself tightly about its body and keeps wrapping itself about the neighbor plant until it covers half of the body or more. Where he touches the neighbor plant, Dodder sends out suckers that steal the plant food that belongs to the other vegetable citizen. Then he breaks himself loose from the ground and never connects with the earth again. He resolves to become a rootless plant and remains independent of the soil the rest of his life. When his hosts of seeds have ripened and are left scattered over the ground, the crop of Dodder is assured for the next year, and when springtime comes thousands of thief-plants are on hand to steal food in wholesale manner throughout the summer.

On the banks of streams one finds Stinging, or Wood Nettle, whose body, leaves, and stems are covered with an armor of tiny pines, each loaded with formic acid. When [Continued on page 57]



# What's Happening in Soviet Land?

By Karl Scholz

**S**OVIET Russia presents many striking contrasts to the foreign observer. On the one hand, there is feverish industrial activity in many parts of the Union. New industrial enterprises have been springing up like mushrooms over night. Industries are operating in three seven-hour or even eight-hour shifts, five days out of every six.

On the other hand, there is still an appalling shortage of many goods for daily consumption. Although the cereal food situation has improved somewhat because of the bounteous 1933 harvest, meats, clothing, shoes, and housing facilities are quite inadequate to meet the rapidly increasing demands for these basic necessities.

Everybody able to work, and permitted to do so, is engaged at some task or another. It would seem that such intensive activity should have resulted in more goods for consumption. But there are several fundamental reasons why this has not been the case.

In the first place, it must be borne in mind that

Terse fact and comment from an American economist who has made a first-hand study of Russia and its gigantic industrial experiment.

the first Five Year Plan concentrated on the building up of heavy industry and on developing raw materials and power resources which are eventually to be employed for the production of consumer's goods. Labor engaged in extracting coal and ores from the mines, and in building factories and industrial machinery, was withdrawn from agricultural pursuits. This labor had to be supplied with the necessities of life, food, shelter, and clothing—while developing capital goods—by those charged with the production of these consumer's goods.

Now it makes no difference whether agricultural surpluses and other necessities of life are created within the country or are imported from abroad. Unless they are made available, human energies cannot be devoted to extracting ores from the earth, building factories, constructing canals and railroads, and producing a thousand and one items which do not yield up their want-satisfying properties directly and immediately. In other words, capital accumulations necessitate sacrifice. They require saving and investing.

During the past four or five years, the number of workers engaged in Soviet industry has increased from nine to over sixteen million men and women. These workers have been drawn largely from the agricultural population, from the primitive peasantry. Those who remained on the land were supposed to provide the requisite food supplies not only for themselves, but also for the

Photo: Underwood & Underwood



*Early in the morning, queues of men and women and children, basket on arm, ration ticket in hand, form before the kiosks dispensing food. This photograph shows the head part of a line awaiting the allotment of bread.*



Photos: Underwood &amp; Underwood

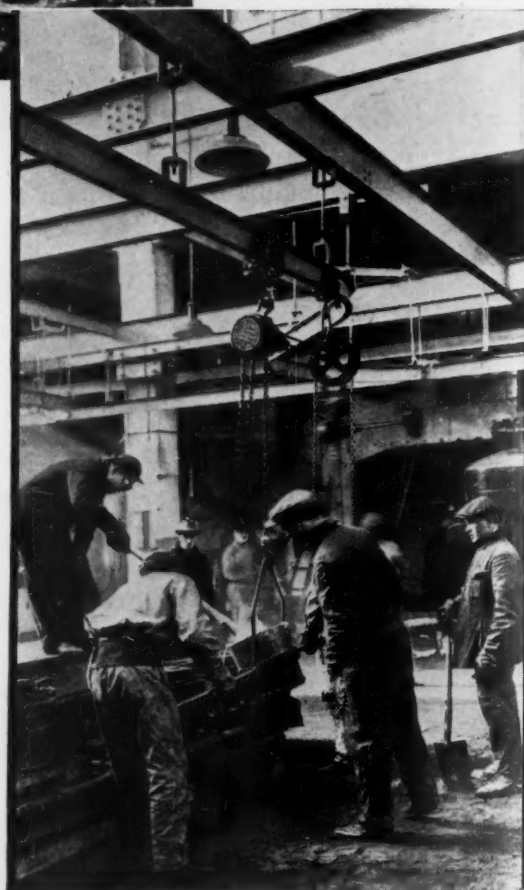
*An airplane view of a new workers' quarter in Moscow, recently waste ground. Moscow's population leaped a half million in one year, chiefly peasants flocking there to work in factories.*

*"... these erstwhile awkward farmers develop into skilled mechanics. . . They apply themselves to their tasks with a childlike enthusiasm . . . revelling in a fairyland where everything appears to respond to their magic touch. They are suddenly obsessed with a sense of power, a feeling they can control forces . . . which . . . they did not know existed."*

increasing numbers engaged in building up industrial plants, transportation lines, and the like.

The intensive drive toward industrialization under the first Five Year Plan, has necessitated a fundamental change in Soviet agricultural organization. The primitive method of strip farming, the traditional type of agriculture in Soviet Russia, was found to be unsuited to the program of industrialization. If an increasing percentage of the population were to be engaged in industrial pursuits, agriculture had to be reorganized to make possible the feeding and clothing of the urban population as well as those remaining on the land. Industry, in turn, would benefit agriculture by providing agricultural machinery and equipment, as well as an increasing supply of consumer's goods, made possible by the use of modern industrial technique when once developed. Hence, the intensive drive toward collectivization in agriculture, the determined effort to change the traditional primitive methods of farming. Only by such a fundamental reorganization in agriculture was it possible to increase agricultural production.

The persuasion and partial coercion employed by Soviet authorities to bring the Russian peasants into collectives, has resulted in the collectivization of over sixty-five percent of the twenty-six million peasant households in the Soviet Union. Many promises were made to the peasants to induce them to join collectives. Not only were they to be relieved of excessive taxes, but they were also promised expert agricultural advice, and the use of modern agricultural machinery for the cultivation of the land. The primitive Russian



muzhik saw in these promises the relief from worry over inadequate food supplies, less work, less responsibility, and more leisure. He exchanged his traditional independence of action and individual sense of freedom, for what he believed would spell security and no worry for him in the long years that stretch ahead.



Photo: © Roy Pinney

*"It is almost incomprehensible how the primitive, often illiterate peasants can become adept at handling delicate machinery. Frequently they marvel at an oil can upon their first visit to a factory, and may have to be taught how to tell time, having never before seen a timepiece."*

The Russian peasant has always been rather self-seeking, and is only slowly assimilating the social class consciousness, which has been preached to him incessantly in recent years. He calculates shrewdly before he makes a decision, and unless he finds subsequently that he is going to benefit as a result of change, he quickly reverts to his old habits, his traditional point of view.

His hopes, which ran high upon entering collectives, were not fully realized. Partly because of inefficient management and poor farm organization, partly because of inadequate seed, tractors, and other farm machinery, agricultural production was not able to keep pace in the past two years with the development of industry, and so the rural as well as the urban population in the Soviet Union has suffered considerably from inadequate food supplies.

**M**OREOVER, the preferential treatment given to industrial workers in the distribution of food, induced many peasants to desert the land and flee to the cities. Here they were assured of at least one simple meal daily, if they obtained work in a factory, since most of the Soviet industrial plants have their own food kitchens and dining-rooms.

This rapid influx of population to the cities has resulted in an appalling shortage of housing facilities. In 1931 the population of Leningrad increased from 1,600,000 to 2,000,000 while Moscow added nearly a half million people to its already overcrowded quarters in 1932. New industrial centers, which have grown up around industrial plants in the process of construction, likewise accounted for a substantial shift in peasant population. Soviet authorities have recently introduced a passport system, intended primarily to regulate the migration of peasants into these industrial areas.

The enormous shift in population has overtaxed the Soviet transportation system. The antiquated rolling stock has been groaning under strains imposed by sudden increases of carloadings and increased human traffic. Transportation mishaps have been frequent occurrences and have been far more numerous per train mile than in either Germany or the United States. The Russian trains, moreover, move none too fast, in comparison with Western countries. In the provinces, the average speed of so-called faster trains is often no more than ten to fifteen miles per hour.

The peasant, deserting [*Continued on page 44*]





Photo: Courtesy, Detroit News.

*"In June the city of Detroit is at its loveliest. The bloom of bridal wreath, the flowering crab, and the magnolia will greet you. . . . Detroit is a city of homes. I hope my fellow Rotarians will not make the mistake of seeing only our great factories."*

# Let Me Show You My Home Town

By Edgar A. Guest

**S**OME one once said that it is impossible for a city to be both big and beautiful.

I think he had never visited the city of Detroit in the month of June.

Here is a city of countless charms. Situated on the banks of a river of sky blue water it has managed to grow great without losing its beauty; to become powerful without loss of tenderness; to earn that curious adjective "dynamic" without the cold impersonality of machinery; to have gained the wisdom of time and experience without losing the exuberance of youth.

When International Rotary convenes in Detroit it will find the spirit of Rotary in the air. All that Rotary idealizes and labors for is symbolized here. Integrity of purpose, high courage, the willingness to serve, thought for the welfare of others, love of

Photo: Seymour, Chicago.



## My Detroit

**D**ETROIT waits to welcome you. Her doors will open wide!

Come in and make yourselves at home and learn its tender side,

For back of all the chimney smoke and all the wheels that hum

Are mothers getting dinner for the men that homeward come,

And by the clang of hammer blow, and grind of wrench and drill,

A box of red geraniums adorns the window sill.

Detroit waits to welcome you. So much it has to show  
With little gardens everywhere where roses bud and blow;

There lies a river at her feet with great ships passing by,

And if your soul is weary 'neath the willows you can lie

To dream your dreams of boyhood o'er and all your faith renew

In what is best in all you've done and all you hope to do.

Detroit waits to welcome you. A city fair to see  
Where commerce has not thrust away the love of plant and tree;

A city that has kept its charms in spite of loss and care

A city where at night is heard a people's grateful prayer;

A city with a tender soul, a city truly made  
That knows the changing tasks of life and meets them unafraid.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

the finer things of life are all woven like threads of gold into the warp and woof of the tapestry of Detroit's history.

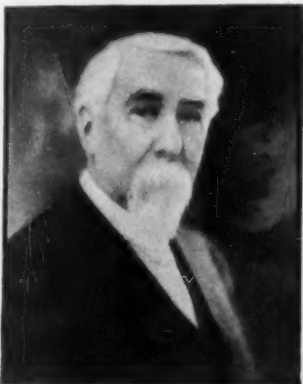
Personally, I am looking forward to that convention with delight. It will be good for Rotary to meet here; it will be good for Detroit to enjoy the privilege of entertaining the Rotarians of the world. That gathering will be like the meeting of two great spirits which have cherished in common the highest principles of human endeavor.

Already this magazine has told in detail the history of my home town. It is not necessary to add to those articles nor is it my purpose here to do more

than to extend the sincerest possible invitation to all Rotarians to come to Detroit for their convention. Here you will be welcomed not merely as visitors but as friends.

In June the city of Detroit is at its loveliest. The bloom of bridal wreath, the flowering crab, and the magnolias will greet you. The gardens will be bright with the first June roses and wherever you may care to ride you will catch a glimpse of an industrial city's tenderer side. Only the other day as I walked down Woodward Avenue I was impressed by one of those constantly happening little incidents which make you wish you had your camera with you. They are always taking place when the camera has been left at home.

Out of one of the big department stores stepped a man still garbed in his working clothes. He seemed to be a day laborer. Evidently he had just come from his task and the stains of his work were thick upon him. He even might have been taken for a tramp. There was nothing about his appearance to suggest anything but the commonest and the most vulgar. In ordinary circumstances I possibly should have passed him by without a second glance. He would have seemed dull and uninteresting; it would never have occurred to me to speak to him of roses or of peonies or fine books or



Henry M. Leland (top), motor car pioneer, youthful in spirit to the end of a long life; Horace Rackham, philanthropist.

works of art. I should have imagined his spirit to have been as dull as his outward appearance and as drab as his daily task.

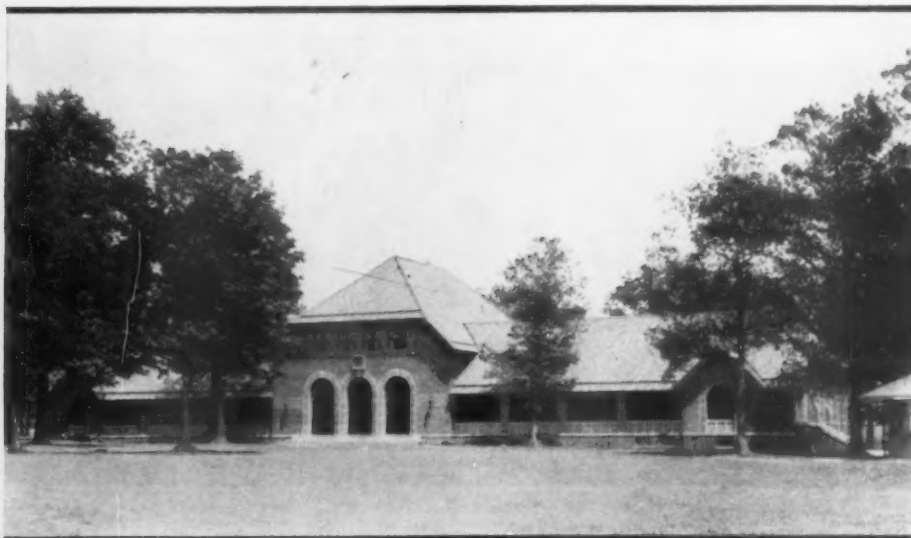
As I neared him, however, I saw that in his arms he carried a great bundle of shrubs, just purchased and soon to be planted. That bundle evidently contained a climbing rose, a spirea or two, a flowering plum, possibly, and some other lovely growing things for his garden. They were his dream of loveliness. They were to express his tender side, and as I passed him by I thought of him as very typical of Detroit life. Those eyes of his flashed a message of delight. The year had been a hard one for all of us and for him, but his garden dream had come true; perhaps not as fully as he had hoped, for such dreams seldom are fully realized, but those few shrubs were bits of loveliness which he had long wanted to possess. They were to make beautiful the patch of ground called "home."

**D**ETROIT is a city of homes. I hope my fellow Rotarians will not make the mistake of seeing only our factories. As I should have passed by that ill-clad toiler thinking him only a common workman had he not those bits of shrubbery in his arms, so I think many people who come to visit us, pass us by seeing only our smoking chimneys.

Most of those great lines of workmen which you see, if you rise early enough, on their way into the factories are usually something much more than mere

*When Mr. Rackham's will was read, it was learned that he had bequeathed twenty million dollars "for the benefit of mankind . . . everything Rotary stands for and commends." Below, the clubhouse on a golf course given to Detroiters by Mr. Rackham.*

Photos: Courtesy, Detroit Free Press.



attendants at machines; they are home lovers, and garden lovers, and book lovers, and lovers of music, and art, and once away from their daily tasks they dream and cherish ideals and long for something better for their children. They are Rotarians at heart; Rotarians who have not had the opportunity to be elected to membership. I have often felt that many a good Rotarian carries on the work without the benefit of affiliation.

I hesitate to suggest to my guests what they ought to do and see while in Detroit. I know from my own experience that nothing is more wearisome to the traveller than to be forced by an over-zealous host to go to sights and scenes in which he has not the slightest interest.

Detroit holds much to fascinate her callers. She is a temptress and he will indeed be a most devoted delegate who can resist her charms faithfully to attend all the scheduled meetings of the convention program. There is much here to lure a man from his duty. Beautiful Belle Isle will call to him to come and loaf away a day amid surroundings of peace and loveliness; the river will coax him; so will the golf courses and the parks; so will the broad smooth highways that lead to green hills and little lakes that gleam and glisten like jewels in a lady's hair; so will the factories where motor cars are made as if by magic. All these await your coming; all these are at

your service; all these and more will add to your delight in Rotary.

It is the spirit of Detroit that I hope you will find while here. I have always thought that man has two gifts of sight if he will try to use them. The first and commoner, of course, is the sight for things visible. He sees with his eyes objects and things and acts. The other gift of sight is deeper and more spiritual. It is a sense of vision or perception which permits him to discover in even a trivial thing the glory of its creation. He discovers in the line of weary workmen, homeward bound, the dreams and aims and promptings of each toiler.

It is to these finer things behind Detroit's outward garb that I would call attention.

**O**NCE a little more than a year ago I went to Grace Hospital to call upon a friend. While there I learned that Henry M. Leland, the great motor manufacturer whom I had known down through the years, was also a patient with but a few days more to live. I dropped in to see him. Eighty-seven years of age was he, and close to the end of the journey.

"Eddie," he said to me, "they tell me I am going to die. I don't want to die yet. I want to live just ten years more so that I can build a better automobile than the boys have yet made." [Contin'd on page 52]

*"Many of you will go to the automobile factories. I wish all of you would go, but I hope that you will see them as something more than a great place where motor cars are made."*

Photo: A. Baune, Detroit.





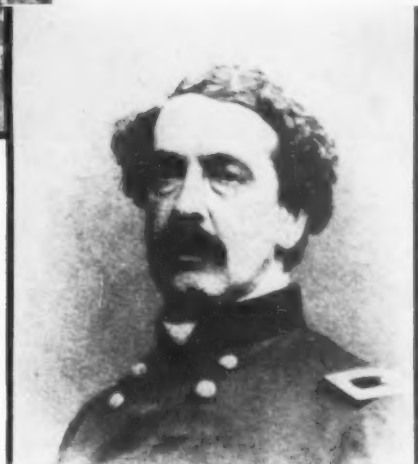


Photo: Forrest D. Coleman, Cooperstown, N. Y.

## Here Baseball Was Born

By George H. Carley

*Doubleday went to West Point, became a major general, and is buried in Arlington Cemetery.*



*The controversy that once raged in baseball circles over "Where did baseball start?" is now a closed issue. The place is a former cow pasture at Cooperstown, N.Y., now a public playground.*

*The sport was not an adaptation of the good old English game of "Rounders," but originated in the brain of one Abner Doubleday. He was a student in a semi-military school in 1839 when he received his inspiration. During the Civil War he and his friends "promoted" the game as recreation for idle Union soldiers.*

**I**N THE earlier years of the present century a friendly controversy among some baseball leaders resulted in a commission to determine the origin of the game. Their report established Cooperstown, New York, as the birthplace, and Abner Doubleday as the inventor.

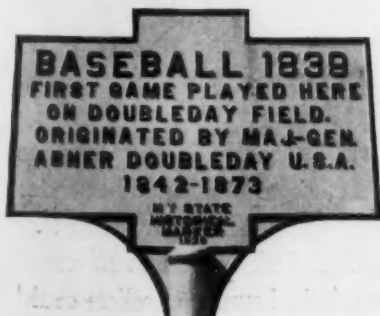
Doubleday, who later became a major general, encouraged the game as recreation for soldiers during the Civil War. Later, the veterans took the sport back home with them and so led to its becoming the "National Game." The report of the commission also had something to do with that, for one of the points in controversy was whether the sport developed from a fine old English game called "Rounders." The commission decided beyond further

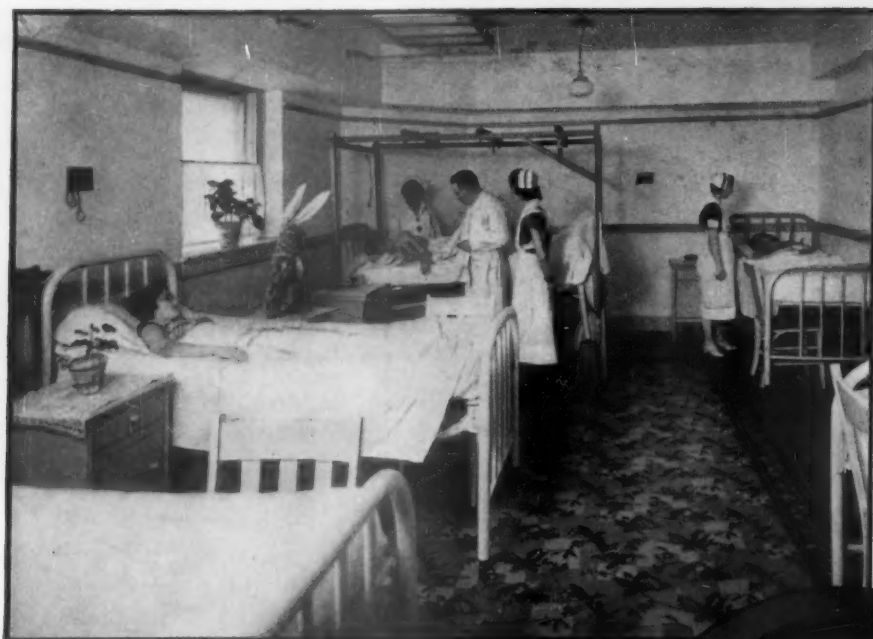
cavil that baseball is a purely American product.

Cooperstown, situated at the foot of the beautiful Otsego Lake, head of the Sus-

quehanna River, has long attracted visitors because it was the home of James Fenimore Cooper, of Leatherstocking Tales fame. But it was not until 1916 that it became the mecca of baseball enthusiasts. In that year the Delaware & Hudson railroad dedicated a new passenger station, built "in keeping with the historic and literary traditions of the village." Its walls exhibit many original paintings, including a portrait of General Doubleday. Enterprising citizens soon formed an organization which bought and gave to the village the ground where the game was originally mapped out, then used as a cow pasture. It is now a baseball field and public playground, the Cooperstown Rotary Club being among its most enthusiastic supporters.

On September 6, 1920, Doubleday Field was formally opened, when John A. Heydler, president of the National League, pitched the first ball and umpired an inning of a game between Cooperstown and a team from a neighboring village. Of the five men who made up the committee for the Doubleday Field project, three resided in the community in 1924 when the Rotary club was organized. It is not surprising that they should have become charter members.





"The Rotary ward has had forty-nine cures to its credit. True, all the cases have not been as difficult as Mary's, but many of them have necessitated repeated operations and long periods for treatment."

"We had long known that the delightful fellowship of Rotary luncheons would not suffice forever to hold the interest of busy, virile men. . . . There must be some common purpose, . . . some definite accomplishment sought. . . ."

Photos:  
Overbey,  
Mobile.



Barton Greer (in circle), president of the Mobile Rotary Club; Marion Adams (below), secretary; and Author Brown (above).

## Little Limbs Made Straight

By Milton L. Brown

Chairman, Crippled Children's Committee,  
Rotary Club of Mobile, Alabama.

"**W**HY can't I run and play like other girls, doctor? Why can't I do the things they do? Do I have to be like this always?"

The questioner was little Mary, ten years old, who had just been admitted to the orthopedic ward established by the Rotary Club at the Mobile Infirmary. She had blue eyes and taffy-colored hair. She sat, half rocking, with both knees up under her chin, her heels touching her buttocks and both feet contracted.

Her deformity was due to improper position while convalescing from what medical men call "osteomyelitis," but which in lay terms means a bone infection. It had located in the region of the left foot and thigh. She had not been able to walk for two years and, as a result of the loss of activity of her extremities, the muscles had perished to a considerable degree.

This is not the story alone of little Mary. It might



well be the story of thousands of Marys all over the world who every day are being helped in the use of their limbs by Rotary doctors. And while this article tells about the Rotary orthopedic ward at Mobile, yet it might well be the story of hundreds of such wards throughout the world established because of the farsightedness and generosity of Rotary clubs. It was President Roosevelt who recently pointed out just what this work means in enabling children to take their proper places as human beings in modern society with a smile on their lips and with the knowledge that they can make good.

In 1931, the Mobile Rotary Club established its orthopedic ward. It was conceived in the desire to vitalize and to visualize Rotary's ideal of "Service Above Self." It was born of the firm conviction that Rotary cannot live by bread alone. It was nurtured in the hope that through it, human derelicts could

be transformed into useful citizens. We had long known that the delightful fellowship of Rotary's luncheons would not suffice forever to hold the interest of the busy, virile men that constitute Rotary. There must be some common purpose, some fixed ambition, some definite accomplishment sought.

**T**HEREFORE, on December 31, 1931, in the presence of the entire membership of the club, and many other interested citizens, Rotary's Orthopedic Ward of twenty-five beds, with every bed occupied—little Mary was one of the first patients—was dedicated to the Mobile Infirmary. It was the contribution of a group of far-seeing men to the relief of suffering child life. It was a token, if you please, of Rotary's affection for all the mothers of Rotary who place service before self in order that we may live and have our beings.

Probably the greatest contribution to the Rotary enterprise has been made by a noted orthopedic surgeon who is in charge of the ward, who was for many years an active Rotarian, and who has since been made an honorary member. This surgeon, who meticulously dodges all publicity, receives no other compensation for his services than the inward feeling of satisfaction that comes to one with the knowledge of a duty to society well-done. Since the dedication of the ward he has performed all operations, placed every cast, and adjusted the braces on every child who has been hospitalized.

The case of Mary—which as you may have guessed isn't her real name—was one of extreme difficulty. It was necessary first to overcome the bone infection and later to institute measures by means of frames, balanced traction, weights, etc., which required that she lie in bed for a period of well over a year. The first "stretchings" were performed under anaesthesia, and operations on the tendons and muscles resulted in a correction of the deformities. But that wasn't all. Measures then had to be instituted to restore normal functions in the joints, and this required the daily

personal attention of an expert physical therapist.

Little Mary entered the ward on December 31, 1931, the day of the Rotary dedication, and she was discharged with a cast on both lower extremities on March 29, 1933. These were removed in about six weeks, and replaced by braces which extended to the hips. The braces were gradually removed until at the present time they extend only from the knees to the feet and—miracle of miracles—she is able to walk, attend school, and what is even more important, is availing herself of the same opportunities and advantages as other children of her age.

The Rotary ward has had forty-nine cures to its credit. True, all the cases have not been as difficult as Mary's, but many of them have necessitated repeated operations and long periods of treatment. There was Donald—which isn't his real name either—who is eight years old and who was admitted to the Rotary ward among the first of the little patients. He was suffering with tuberculosis of the left hip. His condition was extremely bad, his left hip fixed in an acutely flexed position, and he had been that



*Typical of patients in the Rotary ward are these, snapped on the Mobile Infirmary lawn with their nurse and three visitors from the Rotary club.*

way for several months. A long and painful traction was necessary to overcome this difficulty. There were several major operations which were followed by a series of body casts. His convalescence was by no means smooth, for at times his temperature was high and he was extremely uncomfortable because of the necessity of so many dressings. [Contin'd on page 54]



# 'Sure, I'll Try Again!'—Gar Wood

By J. Lee Barrett

Secretary, Yachtsmen's Association of America

**“W**HAT kind of a man is Gar Wood? How does he win his races? How does he keep a crew of men so loyally together to risk their lives in this sport? Why does he spend so much money just for a thrill?”

People have asked me these questions many times. Half of them I could never answer. I had known the man for a number of years, had written much about his racing epics. His mad nature had sent something racing through my blood to make me wonder at him.

A technician, an amateur astronomer, an inventor, a tinkerer, a sportsman, all bundled up in one flaming personality that hurled him through a tremendous life at a burning clip . . . a man who possibly rode with Death beside him more often than any other man in the world, the first man to drive a boat over fifty miles an hour, the first man to go over one hundred miles an hour in a boat, the first and

Behind the headlines that tell of the international rivalry in speedboating is a long tale of friendly, daring sportsmanship.

only man ever to drive a boat over 125 miles an hour.

I knew he was a fighter. No man could pull himself to the top of the heap without a scrapping heart. No man could win the trophies he has won without having something that smiles at the verve and piquant tang of some of the greatest races in the world. He threw himself into danger every time he stepped into one of his frightened hydroplanes.

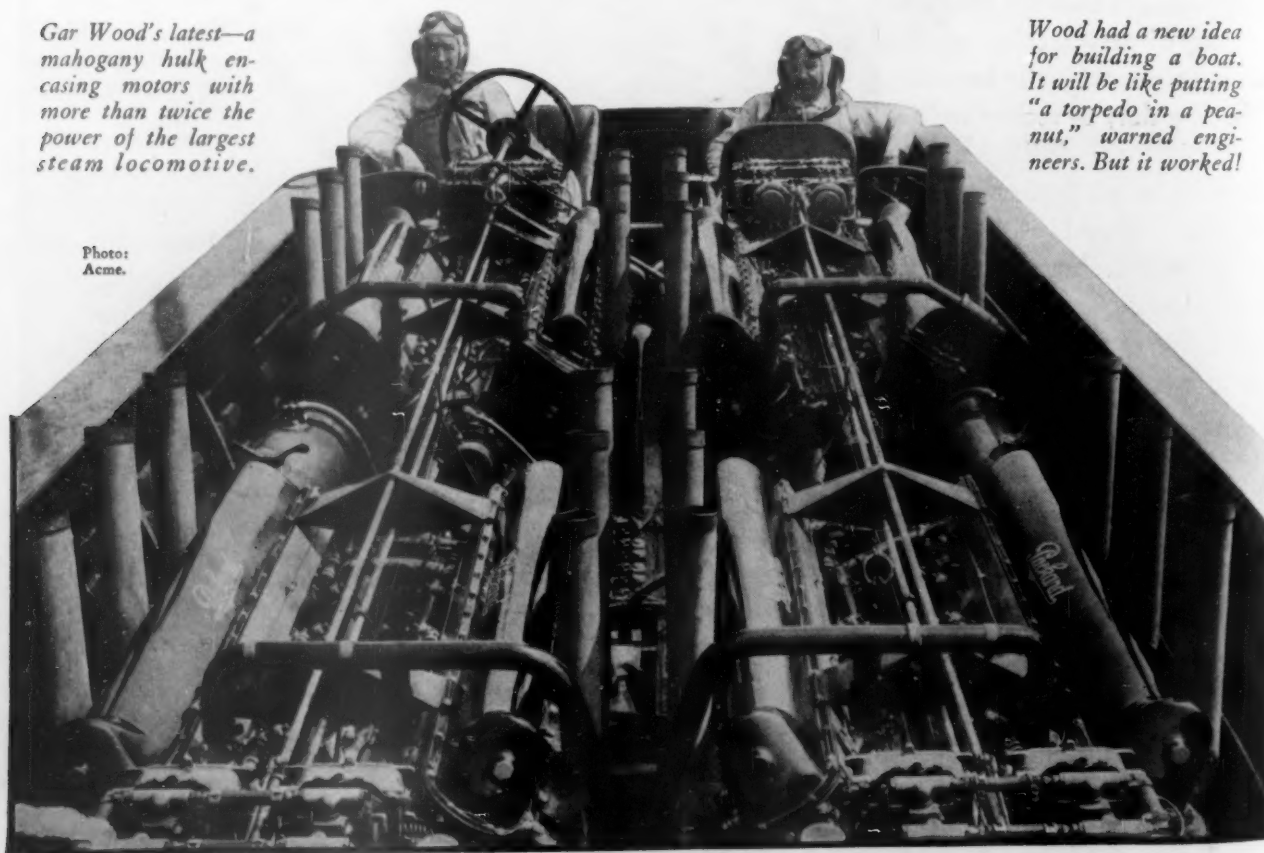
“What kind of a man is Gar Wood?”

That and the other questions I wanted answered. No longer than it takes to flip a coin I was dashing over the hogback bridge at Grayhaven in Detroit to see the Grey Fox, as they so often called him. I swept down the road to the tip of an arm of land that jutted out into Lake St. Clair. I tumbled out of the car and a gaunt, medieval castle loomed before me, flinging its tower up over a breeze-lashed lake as though

*Gar Wood's latest—a mahogany hulk encasing motors with more than twice the power of the largest steam locomotive.*

*Wood had a new idea for building a boat. It will be like putting “a torpedo in a peanut,” warned engineers. But it worked!*

Photo:  
Acme.



*Both Miss America IX, piloted by Gar Wood (right), and Miss England II, with Kaye Don at the wheel, jumped the gun in the memorable 1931 Harmsworth Trophy classic. Below is Wood, the Grey Fox of speedboating, and his mechanic, Orlin Johnson, looking over the hull of Miss America X, '32, '33 winner.*

Photos:  
Underwood & Underwood.

Photos: Acme.



it were the lone sentinel of America's speedboat supremacy. Its front stared across the water to the shores of Canada a mile away. It seemed to be flinging an eternal challenge to Canada and England.

I caught the figure of Gar Wood topped by a brilliant mop of white hair. He came toward me with a dashing, cavalier smile, a warm hand and an infectious flick of an eyelash. His buoyant and boyish manner, the print of youth in the lines of his face whipped apple-red by the winds, the cold fire of the north woods, and the smashing water spray that stings like hailstones when the throttles of his Miss America are open on the straightaways, all struck me deeply.

We sat down and talked of boats and trophies. His conversation crackled along like forest fire.

"I don't know why I'm in this racing game," he said finally. "It seems like suicide sometimes. And

then the cost is so tremendous. There's a trophy," pointing to a small silver trophy on the mantelpiece, "that cost a small fortune before I won it."

He recalled his bitterest battles with his best smile. He loves the sting of smashing spray, the flames of the exhaust stacks in front of him. A little mistake may mean death but he takes the chance. He loves the sport and has often spent his last dollar to buy a boat. His narrow escapes would fill a volume. He hit a piece of driftwood once on the St. Clair River while going at high speed. His boat leaped from him, sent him sailing into the air. He was cut with flying pieces of wood, knocked dizzy, and saved from drowning by three girls in a rowboat. Seventeen times he's been hurled out of his boats only to climb back into them again.

**W**OOD spends his winters hunting in the north and at his Miami home on the Indian River, Florida, racing his boats, deep-sea fishing, yachting, and peering through his telescopes in his astronomical observatory there.

His interests are manifold . . . pipe organs, oil burners, television, telescopes, hydraulic hoists, aeroplanes, speedboats, photographic cameras and lenses, even turtles and domestic turkeys. His brain is packed full of schemes and inventions. I went away

from his castle that night stricken almost speechless at his tremendous modesty, his fund of technical knowledge, his simple, homespun humor, and rich manner. It was for me an evening of supreme paradoxes. I did not go, though, before he told me the most dramatic, the most scintillant sea story I had ever heard.

**I**T WAS his first experiment with the 1,000 horsepower aviation engines which he got from the Packard Motor Car Company after the war. The boys at his Algonac plant built a hull for two of these engines while he was away. Wood wanted to see how much power they had.

When he came back to Algonac, he and Orlin Johnson, his mechanic, took the boat out on the St. Clair River one day. It was just fifteen days before Gar's first race with Betty Carstairs, the British challenger, who was that very morning tuning up her Napier engines in the Estelle III on the Detroit River forty miles away.

The Miss America VI, Wood's new boat, gave Wood and Johnson the fastest boat ride they had ever had in their lives. The slightest touch of the throttle and the whole quivering thing leaped into life. They were going so fast that their eyeballs were flattened out of shape by the force of the wind. They couldn't see very clearly. It was the first time in his life that Wood feared to give Johnson the signal for open throttle.

They came back to the boathouse and strung the

boat up in the well. Wood thought about the thing all night. He decided before he got out of bed in the morning that they were going to run the boat "wide open" that day. He woke early, got Johnson out of bed and said to him:

"Orlin, what do you say we run her open today." The St. Clair River was smooth as glass.

"Well," Johnson said, "If you can hang on to the wheel I can certainly hang on to the throttles."

They went to the boathouse, stuffed their ears with cotton to protect their eardrums from the terrific roar of the engines, put heavy goggles on to save their sight and their eyeballs, smeared their faces with heavy grease to protect their skin from the flames shooting out of the exhaust stacks ahead of them, strapped on their lifebelts, and jumped into the cockpit.

They almost went to their death.

Johnson started the [Continued on page 58]

*Mrs. Gar Wood is never far away when her husband has a big race on. Here she is shown with his famoustalisms, twin teddy bears. They were fished out of the river with \$20,000 engines following an ill-starred experiment in 1928.*



Photos: Acme.



*Maybe it's blood that tells—or maybe it's environment. Anyway, Gar Wood, Jr., likes nothing half so well as following in his father's boat-tracks, so to speak. His idea of a bully time is to send his outboard motor craft at breakneck speed skimming over the waters of St. Clair River at Algonac, near Detroit, or Indian River, Florida, near Miami, where the Wood family winters. The elder Wood's interests are not confined to boating, but range from pipe organs to turtles.*



# Rotary Hourglass

*Informal notes on divers activities of general interest to Rotarians and clubs around-the-world.*

**BEAT This?** "Sometime ago," writes Jamieson Bone, secretary of the Rotary Club of Belleville, Ont., Canada, "I noticed an attendance record mentioned in THE ROTARIAN of someone having attended six meetings in one week. One of our past presidents, Al. Stillman, whose classification is 'railway express service,' has just created what we think is a record by having attended eight meetings in five consecutive days." It follows:

Monday—Belleville, Ont., noon; Trenton, Ont., evening.

Tuesday—Montreal, Que., noon; Sherbrooke, Que., evening.

Wednesday—Westmount, Que., noon.

Thursday—Hull, Que., noon; Hawkesbury, Ont., evening.

Friday—Smith Falls, Ont., noon.

"Besides this," the letter adds, "Al. has had a record of not having missed a Rotary meeting in ten years."

**Add 100% Clubs.** At Mount Vernon, Wash., is a Rotary club of thirty-six members, which is not unusual. But not so its record of twenty-five consecutive hundred per cent perfect attendance meetings.

And at Oberlin, Kans., the thirty-four-member club recently completed its eighty-ninth consecutive hundred per cent meeting!

Hearing of Oberlin's record, District Governor Robert E. Mohler observed that it must be, indeed, a healthy town, no member's sickness having lasted sufficiently long to prevent making up missed meetings. Whereupon Oberlin Rotarians assured him that, although the town is a healthy one, yet members occasionally do get sick, but by luck and planning manage to keep their attendance records unmarred. Al Dryden, for example, knowing he was to have an appendicitis operation, succeeded in attending Rotary meetings immediately before and after his hospital sojourn to keep his slate clean.

**Motoring?** If you plan to motor to Detroit from East or West, perhaps U.S.6 Roosevelt Highway will help solve your routing problem. This pike unreels pavement (all-weather surfacing for relatively short stretches in the West) from Provincetown, Mass., to Denver, Colo. Full particulars may be secured from the roads headquarters, Coliseum Building, Des Moines, Ia.

**Vocational Assemblies.** Plans are under way for assembling at Detroit, for "shop talk," Rotarians from the following vocational classifications:

Manufacturing, distributing, retailing (except automotive); education; law; automotive (including manufacturing, distributing, and retailing); transportation; newspaper publishing; medicine; finance; utilities; business services; osteopathy.

Other group meetings at least tentatively scheduled, include: six Youth Service assemblies; six International Service Assemblies, three break-

*On July 1, Dr. Joseph H. Apple (left) oldest college president in the United States, in point of service, turns the administration of Hood College, Frederick, Md., over to Dr. Henry Irvin Stahr. Dr. Apple became president of the institution in 1893. Both he and Dr. Stahr are Rotarians and also past presidents of Rotary clubs.*



fasts for club presidents and three for secretaries; three Boys Work breakfast assemblies; a club publication editors' breakfast; a song leaders' breakfast; a crippled children's activities breakfast; a luncheon for Rotary career secretaries.

**New Clubs.** Clubs recently elected to membership in Rotary International include:

Palacios, Texas, U.S.A.; Takao, Japan; Acámbaro, Mexico; Rengo (Caupolicán), Chile; Hartford, Ala., U.S.A.

**New "Farthest North" Club.** In Finland, way up the head of the Gulf of Bothnia at almost 65° north latitude, a new club was formed on 5 May, which is applying for membership in Rotary International. Oulu is the city. President Jauho, of the new club, and Rotarian Thorwall, honorary commissioner for Rotary International, cabled greetings from what they referred to as the world's northernmost Rotary club.

Until now the Rotary Club of Trondhjem, Norway, has been the northernmost Rotary club, but as soon as the provisional Rotary Club of Oulu is elected it will enjoy this distinction.

**R.I. and R.I.B.I.** The following statement on relations between R.I. (Rotary International) and R.I.B.I. (Rotary International: Association for Britain and Ireland) will be of general interest to Rotarians.

R.I. President Nelson, Vice Presidents Schofield and Duperrey, and Director Manier, accompanied by President Emeritus Harris, Past Vice President Botsford, and Secretary Perry, met in London, England, in March 1934 with R.I.B.I. President Crabtree and other members of the R.I.B.I. board for a discussion of the status of R.I.B.I. within Rotary International.

The reception accorded the R.I. delegates was exceedingly friendly and cooperative. The hospitality was characteristic of British Rotarians.

The discussions were frank and sincere and conducted throughout in the Rotary spirit with the utmost consideration shown by everybody for the views of everybody else. There were divergent views honestly held by both sides and the reconciliation of these divergent views required a detailed recital and consideration of the historical facts relating to the organization of Rotary clubs in Britain and Ireland and their membership in Rotary International and their formation into a Britain and Ireland association.

The historical recital and the discussions occupied practically all of every day, including long evening sessions, for some five days. It gradually dawned upon everybody that the points of disagreement were comparatively few and that in general the details were not so important as the broader aspects involved in Rotary development and extension throughout the world, and the feeling at the conclusion was that there should be an amicable adjustment of any minor differences as to procedure so that the world force of Rotary International may be preserved and increased without prejudice to the position of R.I. or that portion of R.I. within B. and I.

Regardless of the difference in viewpoints and the regrettable inability of minds to meet on all matters under discussion, it is most pleasing to be able to say that those who participated in the conference parted with the utmost goodwill and respect for each other and with a renewed confidence in the solidarity and permanence of the Rotary movement.

Briefly, the viewpoint of the R.I.B.I. Board as published by that body, is as follows:

That R.I.B.I. was established on a basis of agreement between the International Association of Rotary Clubs and the British Association of Rotary Clubs, that this agreement was expressed in the constitutional documents of R.I. and R.I.B.I. in 1922, which were intended and declared to preserve to the association of the clubs in G. B. & I. a certain autonomous status with power of self-administration, and that in consequence any altera-

(Continued on page 50)

# *The* ROTARIAN

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*The youth of a nation are  
the trustees of posterity. —*

DISRAELI, English statesman.

## Editorial Comment

### Out But Not Forgotten

**A**ROUND the world runs a revived interest among Rotarians in the man who once was a member but now is not. From Auckland, New Zealand, for example, comes word of a recent luncheon at which the "ex-es" were guests of the club's directors.

"And it was particularly pleasing," comments the correspondent, "to note that the interest of these ex-members—men who had resigned because of loss of classification, inability to attend luncheons, etc.—was so well maintained. Needless to say these gentlemen received a warm welcome from President 'Syd' Harbutt, as well as from members with whom they sat. It is, I think, safe to predict that a function of this nature will be an annual one."

Auckland's example, including the establishment of an annual custom, is an excellent one. Not infrequently the former member, with circumstances having changed, will gladly rejoin his club. But regardless of that, it means much to Rotary to have the continuing interest and affection of all men who have ever worn the cogged wheel emblem.

### Mickey Leads the Way

**A** NEWS dispatch from Geneva announces that the League of Nations has unfurrowed its brow long enough to give to Mr. Mickey Mouse's back an approving pat. Moreover, its Committee on Child Welfare is keenly in favor of an international treaty to permit Mickey's and other approved films duty-free privileges in countries that are members of the league.

For this, Mickey, whose rise to fame was recounted in these columns last month, should register glee—perhaps not so much as a glance of favor from Minnie would bring to his countenance, but glee nevertheless. Certainly, now he is a made mouse. He has brought general esteem and approbation, if not dignity, to his

profession. As officially as may be, he now holds the portfolio of chortles and cheer to the world.

But the recognition is not for Mickey alone. He, after all, is but a symbol for the overlooked truth that a laugh is one of the touches that make all men kin, regardless of creed or color. Indeed, serious efforts are now being made to establish a university "chair of humor," for the purpose of placing humor alongside trade and science, music and art, as a means of popularizing goodwill and understanding among the nations.

### A Case History

**A** ROTARY club: Is it just a fair-weather organization for a selected group of men of varying ages who attempt to enjoy a depression lunch and a five-cent cigar, who try to sing songs and to listen to a speech on any subject from appendicitis to boll weevils, and then trudge back to work?

The question, just as stated, came up two years ago at Anderson, South Carolina. The club was fifteen years old, but sincere members frankly wondered whether it would not be wise to return the charter to Rotary International. Before making a decision, however, the new set of officers decided that stock should be taken. Rotary was proving a community asset in other communities; why not in Anderson?

The stock-taking showed, as one member put it, "that with the exception of meeting our friends, most of whom we saw daily anyway, we were getting little out of our Rotary club." Programs were listened to passively. A classification survey revealed sixty-six men in this city of 14,000 who were qualified to fill that many classifications on the club's roster. But they were not interested in becoming Rotarians.

This check-up, while revealing weaknesses, convinced the officers that Rotary had a great opportunity to do a service not only to members but through them to the community. A definite plan

was laid out for awakening interest and kindling enthusiasm; its cornerstone was to be brisk programs. Acting on the principle that a man is interested most in the things to which he has contributed a certain amount of money, time, and thought, the club went out after attention-compelling speakers—and got them, some of them men of national prominence. Small honorariums were paid where necessary. The money, the time, and the thought were well spent, for suddenly the club “snapped out” of its lethargy. The new-born interest in weekly meetings was contagious.

Within a few months the Anderson Rotary Club's position in the community was reversed. Men had something to talk about besides the depression. And an active Classification and Membership Committee had brought the club's roster from thirty-four to seventy-six members.

The club is, of course, interested in various activities. It participates in crippled children work, Red Cross, Boy Scouts, and other community affairs—but all as a matter of routine now. “Our greatest objective,” according to one member, “has been to keep the morale of some eighty men a little higher in these trying times than it would have been had we, who were tempted, turned in our charter.”

## When Funds Fail

**I**T WAS a small community. The Rotary club was active, did many things, wanted to do more. In the latter class fell a project of transforming into a park an ancient and thoroughly disreputable graveyard for ashes, tin cans, and demolished automobiles. Though it was at the side door to the town itself, citizens had grown so accustomed to its presence that publicity “trial balloons” in the local newspaper brought no glow of approval to their faces, especially those of taxpayers. And so—the project was dropped for “lack of funds.”

All of which is a hypothetical case—but it *might* be true of many towns. That it wasn't of a certain Indiana village, too small to support a Rotary club, is mainly due to a public-spirited summer resident. He passed the dump on his daily stroll. One evening, chatting with a merchant he learned of several hopeless or near-hopeless accounts the store held from nearby farmers.

“Would you,” he asked the storekeeper, “turn those bills over to me providing I use them to make a park out of the dump heap?”

The answer was a quick affirmative. Other merchants, informally approached, were willing to do the same. They would even add a few “good” ac-

counts simply because so-and-so “had hard luck and can't pay without hurting his family.” The owing farmers were interviewed next. At the outset they were suspicious of the stranger, but warmed to his suggestion that they work off at least a percentage of their store accounts, by a few days' work with team or tractor. They confided, however, that the plan wouldn't work because the store-keepers in *that* town were a hard-fisted lot. But he thought the deal *might* be arranged.

It was.

Not many months later the rubbish had disappeared. In its place were trees and shrubs, transplanted from a nearby watercourse, and a playing field. But in the opinion of those who best know the project, a by-product is more important than tangible results; it is a new friendliness between the farmers and the people in town. Even the most critical of the former, it is said, now admits that “some of the storekeepers” are pretty decent fellows after all.

The man who started the venture—and, incidentally, he is a Rotarian—has a right to be pleased with its outcome. But the principal reason for telling the story here is the hope that the ingenious plan developed in the Indiana village may with success be adopted by some Rotary club now on the point of putting the epitaph “lack of funds” over a worthwhile community project.

## Each Club Is a Unit

**“W**HAT has Rotary International accomplished?” a Rotarian asked his district governor in a friendly after-luncheon discussion.

“What do you mean by ‘Rotary International?’” the governor countered. “If you mean the secretariat in Chicago, you are mistaken in your term, for the secretariat is merely an office manned by paid servants of Rotary International. Rotary International is the some 3700 clubs scattered around the world. In response to your question, may I suggest that you ask yourself what Rotary International in your own town has accomplished? That, in truth, is your answer.”

It was a fair question—and a fair reply. Each Rotary club may select the project and activity it deems best fitted to its strength and the needs of its community. The sum total of the activities of its club units and of individual Rotarians is the accomplishment of Rotary International. The secretariat is a repository of information and a source of help; but Rotary International is the individual clubs.



Rotarians of Rockhampton, Queensland, Australia, will long remember the recent visit of Dr. Fong Foo Sec, director of Rotary International, of Shanghai, China (sixth from left, at front). He is shown with the members of the Rockhampton Rotary Club. Dr. Fong Sec has been visiting numerous clubs and conferences in Australia, New Zealand, and the United States.



## Rotary Around the World

*These items gleaned from hundreds of letters and bulletins from all over the world reflect how Rotary's aims and objects are put to work.*

### Federated Malay States

#### Open Library to Public

IPOH—A juvenile library, which has thus far been patronized chiefly by school boys, has been so successful that Ipoh Rotarians are planning to open it to the public. Members of the Ipoh Rotary Club also have given effective aid to homeless boys, and are providing financial assistance for decrepit people dwelling in a deserted temple.

### France

#### Cures for German Children

VICHY—Members of the Rotary Club of Vichy, who for many years have been providing health cures for ailing children, informed Rotarians of the 73rd district (Germany and Austria) that they are reserving places for four children from Germany during this coming season.

### Egypt

#### Encourage Scholars

ALEXANDRIA—Two sets of prizes—one for classical and another for technical achievement—are provided annually for schoolboys in their city by members of the Alexandria Rotary Club. Poor children are also being assisted to continue their studies.

### Colombia

#### Medal for Leadership

SANTA MARTA—For the purpose of stimulating a greater interest in civic affairs, Rotarians of Santa Marta have agreed to bestow a medal each year, upon that individual who has made the most outstanding contribution to the cultural and civic life of their city.

### Norway

#### Ski Jaunt for Youths

OSLO—Eighteen underprivileged boys between the ages of twelve and fourteen were given a ten-day skiing trip this past winter by Oslo Rotarians.

### Care for Children

TÖNSBERG—Sixty-six destitute school children are being cared for by members of the Tönsberg Rotary Club.

### Yugoslavia

#### For Crippled Children Work

ZAGREB—A national society for the care of crippled children, having received governmental approval, is being given enthusiastic support by members of the Zagreb Rotary Club. Each Rotarian has enrolled, and the club as a whole is distributing pamphlets regarding the society among other Rotary clubs in Yugoslavia.

### Scotland

#### Assist in Pageant

AYR—The story of Scotland's struggle for political and religious liberty and its contribution to civilization, will be portrayed in a pageant to be held in Ayrshire, June 16 to 23—a project in which the Rotary Club of Ayr is taking an active part. A club room is being opened for the benefit of Rotarians attending and a special luncheon is being held in their honor.

### Sweden

#### Are Interested in Schools

STOCKHOLM—Pupils and teachers from various schools are invited to attend occasional meetings of the Stockholm Rotary Club. Members of this club are especially concerned with the problem of unemployed professional youths, and during the last four months arranged for a series of public lectures in their behalf.

### Straits Settlements

#### Clubhouse for Juveniles

PENANG—A fine clubhouse has been established for needy boys by members of the Penang Rotary Club. Adjacent to the club a football field has also been built, and land has been set aside for gardening purposes.

### Switzerland

#### Assist Unemployed

AARAU—Colonies for unemployed are being given substantial financial aid by the Aarau Rotary Club. Clothing, food, and reading matter have also been donated to the men in the camps.

#### Aid Needy Families

BIENNE—Over five thousand Swiss francs have been distributed among families of unemployed by the Rotary Club of Bienne. Rotarians of this city are also devoting attention to young graduates who are having a difficult time finding positions.

### Nicaragua

#### Broadcast Programs

MANAGUA—Through the kindness of a local broadcasting station, all programs of the Managua Rotary Club will hereafter be broadcast for the benefit of all citizens.

### Argentina

#### Official "Readers"

BUENOS AIRES—In order that members who do not have time to visit the club reading table may be apprised of current Rotary events, the Rotary Club of Buenos Aires has appointed an official "reader," who at each meeting takes a few moments to review the magazines, club publications, etc., that have been received from other countries.

#### Hold Nautical Exposition

TIGRE—An exhibition showing the products of maritime industries was recently carried through with unusual success by Rotarians of Tigre. Other community activities in which the Tigre Rotary Club is active are: the organization of theater and other benefits to raise funds for the building of a hospital, the encouragement of aviation, and the care of homeless children.

## Italy

### Found Scholarship

BERGAMO—An annual scholarship of 5,000 lira has been established by the Bergamo Rotary Club for some advanced student who deserves to be encouraged in his studies.

## Mexico

### Volunteer Fire Patrol

CORDOBA—The organization of a volunteer fire department has recently been effected by members of the Cordoba Rotary Club. Rotarians of this city are also lending their support to the maintenance of a local preparatory school.

### Children's Hour

TUXTEPEC—For some time the Rotary Club of Tuxtepec has followed the custom of appointing one of its members each week to deliver a brief talk or educational story before the children in local schools.

## England

### Decorate, Repair Now!

WILLESSEN EAST AND WEST—Through their community service committees the Rotary Clubs of Willesden East and West are issuing a press appeal to the citizens of Willesden to place contracts for house decoration and repair work at once. In this manner it is hoped that work in these trades may be spread through what would otherwise be a slack season.

### Arts and Crafts Show

HARROW—For the purpose of encouraging amateur talent, Rotarians of Harrow recently enlisted the aid of prominent citizens in sponsoring an Arts and Crafts show. So successful was this undertaking, that a permanent society has been formed for the purpose of holding a similar exhibition yearly.

### Honor Faithful Member

LITTLEHAMPTON—For over ten years Rotarian Bert Linfield has faithfully attended every meeting of the Littlehampton Rotary Club of which

*Lots of good "bakes" in this sack for R.I. Director Arthur S. Mayhew of Uvalde, Texas, who visited the Idaho Falls Rotary Club recently. Left to right: Rotarians Warren A. Baker; W. S. Snyder; Governor O. Guy Cardon (5th District), Logan, Utah; Arthur Mayhew; C. F. Ames, president, and William Parker, secretary of the Idaho Falls Rotary Club.*



he is the founder. During those ten years he has attended seven of the ten international conventions of Rotary International. Members of the Littlehampton Rotary Club recently presented him with a sterling silver salver with their names engraved upon it.

## Chile

### Give Hospital Wing

TOCOPILLA—A local hospital was recently endowed with a special wing for the care of children by Rotarians of Tocopilla.

## Australia

### Fête Dr. Fong Foo Sec

Rotarians of the Sixty-fifth district will recall for many months the delightful visit paid them by International Director Fong Foo Sec of Shanghai, China. During Dr. Fong Sec's stay, it was discovered that he had just learned of the birth of his first grandson. Therefore the entire district at its conference at Mt. Gambier, March 12-13,

presented Dr. Fong Sec with a nicely encribed silver mug and an Australian manufactured silk dress for the newly born child. As a souvenir of Dr. Fong Sec's visit, he was also presented with a small box of Australian wood on the top of which was carved a map of the Commonwealth with each state inlaid in the respective type of wood typical of the region.

## Canada

### Fête Raises \$10,000

WESTMOUNT, QUE.—Latest reports on the annual carnival staged by Rotarians of Westmount for a local children's hospital, indicate that a total of almost \$10,000 was realized from one evening's performance.

### Honor Past Presidents

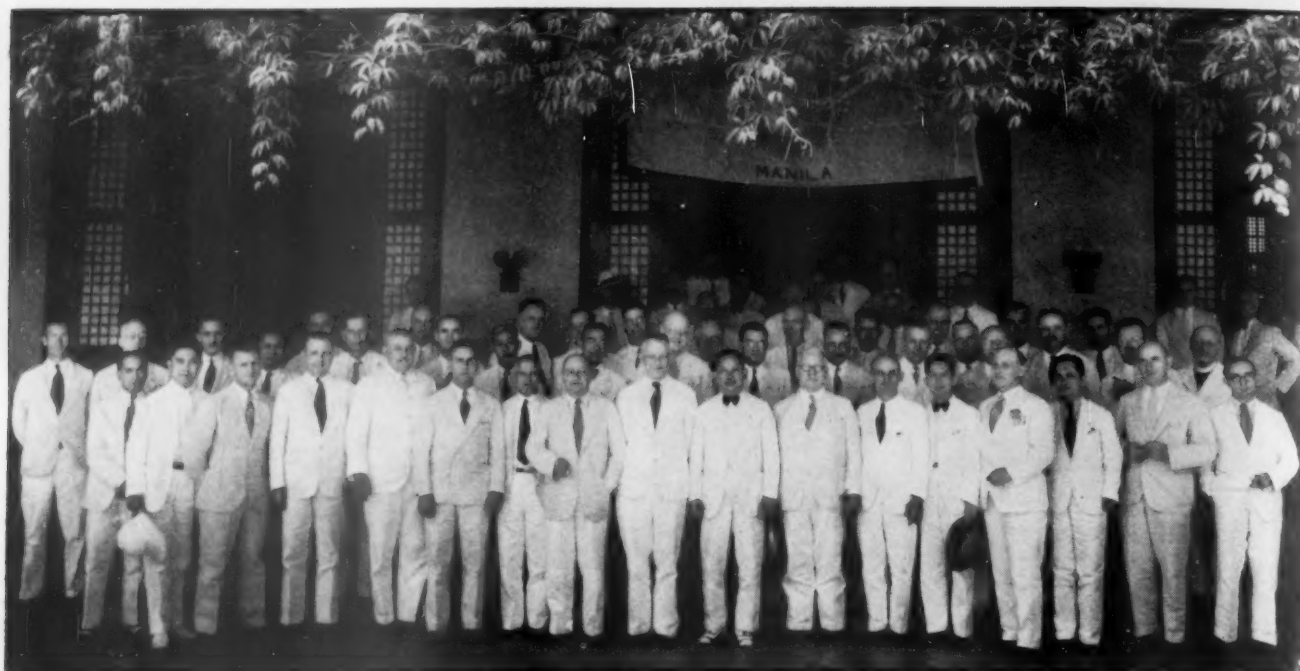
MONTREAL, QUE.—Tables arranged in the form of a Rotary wheel with a center table as the hub, greeted past presidents of the Montreal Rotary Club upon their arrival recently at a meeting in their honor. One especially interesting feature of this gathering was a few words of reminiscence from each former president.

### Excellent Progress

WHITBY, ONT.—Though it has been organized but one year, the Rotary Club of this city has already made a number of distinct contributions to community welfare. These include the organization of fresh air camps for under-privileged children, assistance to a relief fund, orthopedic appliances for cripples, and medical care for children in isolated districts.

*Buckskin shirts, sombreros, chaps, and "shootin' irons" were much in evidence at the "Rotary Rodeo Round-Up" sponsored recently by the Rotary Club of Binghamton, New York, which was attended by about 500 Rotarians from 26 clubs in southern New York and northern Pennsylvania. Unique was the fact that there were no speeches on the fun-making program. Past Governor Edwin R. Weeks (28th District) is in the drivers' seat in this scene from a welcoming sketch—"The Cowboys' Camp"—given by a group of Binghamton Rotarians.*





*Out in the Pacific, Rotarians of Manila, Philippine Islands, are already making plans to entertain the Pacific Rotary Conference in February, 1935. Here they are at their meeting place on the anniversary of Rotary's founding.*

## United States of America

### Interclub Olympics

GREEN BAY, WIS.—Members of the Green Bay Rotary Club recently emerged victors by 95 points in an Olympics event participated in by all service clubs in the city.

### Inter-City

HARTFORD, WIS.—Rotarians of Hartford recently celebrated their tenth anniversary and that of the Horicon Rotary Club which they helped establish five years ago. An elaborate dinner dance was given, which Rotarians and their families from many parts of the Thirteenth District attended.

### Interest Former Members

HARTFORD CITY, IND.—That an anniversary meeting is highly effective in regaining the interest of men who were once members is a fact well attested by Rotarians of Hartford City who invited nine former Rotarians to help in observing the club's fourteenth birthday.

### Plan Benefit Barbecue

MIDDLEBURY, VT.—So successful was the field day and benefit luncheon sponsored by Middlebury Rotarians last year in behalf of crippled children, that they are making plans to hold a huge barbecue shortly, the proceeds to go to the local crippled children's camp. Members of the neighboring Rotary Club of Brandon are also cooperating in this project.

### Outdo Pied Piper

BLAKELY, GA.—Believing that a siege of typhus fever in the vicinity of Blakely had been spread by rats, members of the Blakely Rotary Club inaugurated a campaign to rid the town and surrounding country of this plague. Encouraged by the Rotary club's offer of two cents per pelt and a prize for the boy reporting the greatest slaughter, Blakely boys and dogs eagerly

went to work. Blakely Rotarians then secured the cooperation of the district medical society which assisted in gaining the attention of state and national authorities in efforts to control typhus fever through eradication of rats. National and state interest once awakened, a large force of men, armed with traps and poisons, were put to work in an area covering several counties. Millions of rats were slaughtered and today cases of typhus are rare in this region.

### Boost Local Business

HEBRONVILLE, TEX.—Through a Commercial Association of merchants, organized by the Hebronville Rotary Club, a three-month program of publicity and store "house cleaning" is being carried on. Merchants are urged to arrange stores more efficiently and are being trained to prepare attractive displays of stock. A contest for a suitable slogan was carried on among school children, and an educational program in local newspapers urging citizens to try local stores first, was launched with very satisfactory results.

### 436 New Cases

ERIE, PA.—Despite the increased demands made this year on the clinic for crippled children sponsored by the Erie Rotary Club, that institution can point with pride to the outstanding service it has maintained. Over 1,656 patients were given treatment, 436 of them having been new cases.

### Hold ROTARIAN Contest

SKOWHEGAN, MAINE—Rotarians of Skowhegan during a recent two-month period sponsored a contest which has been productive of increased fellowship, and one which has at the same time added to interest in THE ROTARIAN. Members were divided into two teams of twenty respectively. Each one of the two groups was given a sheet containing six questions on facts in the magazine to be answered and returned to their respective captains the following week. If all questions were answered correctly by a team, that

side scored 1200 points. The absence of a team member reduced the score by 100 points, although if he made up his attendance the 100 points were restored. Twenty-five points were also given weekly to the side having the largest attendance for a meeting, and a similar number of points were awarded to the team providing music, a stunt, or other entertainment, each limited to five minutes.

### Sponsor Hobby Fair

IRONTON, OHIO—For two days Ironton school boys filed past the huge display of handicraft exhibits entered in the hobby show sponsored by the Ironton Rotarians—one of the most successful events ever initiated by that club.

### Mardi Gras for Girl Scouts

ALTOONA, PA.—Successful camping and training seasons for local girl scouts in Altoona are assured this year due to the splendid support given their Mardi Gras festival by some 3,000 local citizens. This event was sponsored by the Altoona Rotary Club working with various other service clubs and civic organizations.

### Entertain Collegians

BLOOMINGTON, IND.—Some seventy young men and women attending the University of Indiana, children of Rotarians, were entertained at an annual banquet recently by the Bloomington Rotary Club.

### Hosts to Canadian Boys

WENATCHEE, WASH.—Fifteen Canadian high school boys received their first introduction to life in the United States recently when they were guests in the homes of Wenatchee Rotarians for a three-day period. A meeting was arranged between the visitors and the Wenatchee high school boys who were to visit the homes of the young Canadians. Entertainment included athletic contests, and a special dance at which local high school pupils were hosts.



# Our Readers' Open Forum

*Letters are invited from readers offering comments upon articles, setting forth new viewpoints on Rotary problems. They should be as brief as possible.*

## Why 'Round the World'?

To the Editors:

ARTICLES of merit are a promise that THE ROTARIAN may ultimately arrive at the point where its existence is justified.

If it be true that Rotary's system of selection of membership does bring it at least a good average as to ability, on what theory are such items and pictures as "Rotary Around the World," with items and pictures of Soandso of Wayback, assumed to be of interest?

For a little so-called protection, long ago a policy of insurance in a fraternal order issued to me brings monthly a copy of ——. The items and pictures in THE ROTARIAN, above referred to, always suggest to me a common plane for the two publications.

W. L. FROST,  
Real Estate

Sioux City, Iowa

## Schoolmen ... Carry On

To the Editors:

I have read the editorial on education in a recent ROTARIAN. It's a good one in all respects and I know that I can give it as the sentiment of schoolmen Rotarians, and others too, that you are doing right by challenging the interest of Rotarians in what is happening to our schools. The marvel in South Dakota—and I am sure it is elsewhere—is that teachers and school administrators are able to maintain their morale and carry on as they do in the face of it all. But they are doing that very thing.

S. B. NISSEN,  
Editor, SDEA Journal.

Sioux Falls, So. Dak.

## North Pole Table Talk

To the Editors:

You are to be congratulated for having been the means of presenting to your readers so eminently sound an article as that which appeared in the May issue, entitled, "When to Buy Stocks," by Roger W. Babson.

Any Rotarian who failed to read this missed a lot. Not that it contains anything drastically new; not that it shows a way to quick and easy profits; in fact, not merely because it was written by Mr. Babson. What the Rotarian who missed this article lost was merely the repetition of a few simple truths, old as the hills.

Those same truths, however, will still hold when New Yorkers and Londoners meet for lunch at the North Pole, returning to their respective homes come evening. I daresay sound admonitions concerning peoples' money will be couched in much the same terms, and be just as little heeded, then as now.

WILLIAM F. ELLIS  
Peckskill, N.Y. Treasurer, Grenci & Ellis, Inc.

## Satisfied

To the Editors:

I read the articles on English and American broadcasting in the May ROTARIAN with much interest.

When we consider the fact that 57 per cent of all telephones in the world are in the United

States, that 67.1 per cent of the telephones of the world are not government owned, and that London has eight telephones per 100 population with New York 26; that the ten largest cities of the United States average approximately 30 telephones per 100 population as against London's eight, I do not believe we need go farther to get conclusive proof that we want the radio in this country developed by private owners just as has been the telephone business.

Government control of radio broadcasting may suit the Britishers as no doubt their telephone system seems adequate to them, but I do not believe either would suit the citizens of the United States.

HUGH E. CONWELL,  
Piqua, Ohio Ohio Bell Telephone Company

## No Cause for Alarm

To the Editors:

I was delighted with the set-up you gave my modest little article, "From Golf to Garden" in the April issue, and want to thank you. I am bound to say, however, that the excellent drawings of the artist (is it Miss or Mrs. Starrett)\* brought me a good deal of "razzing" from the Rotarians here. We have a club of wonderfully good fellows, but tender regard for the dignity of their clerical member is not one of their traits. So, as they compared my actual appearance with



*A back-fence flirtation? Or did they discuss petunias?*

the slender, graceful figure which adorned the page, there was a unanimous hoot of derision. My only come-back was that Miss (or Mrs.) Starrett had caught the vision of my real self which they were too blind to see. The retort seemed unconvincing, however. Another thing, some busy-body in the crowd wanted to know if both females in the drawings represented my wife. They insinuated that the second picture revealed a flirtation over the back fence with my next-door neighbor. My wife has just leaned over my shoulder to say that she, too, has some misgivings.†

WM. H. SPENCE,  
Church of Christ at Dartmouth College.  
Hanover, N. H.

\*The artist is Mrs. Henrietta McCaig Starrett—and her address is Phoenixville, Pa.

†Let all such fears subside. On the authority of the artist herself, let it be said that while the scene depicts a mutual admiration party, the subject is flowers, not personalities.

## No Beaches to Export

To the Editors:

Two visitors have been with us and both have made an impression upon members of Rotary.

The first was Crombie Allen—who by the way gave his impressions of Australia and Australians over the radio the night before he sailed. The other is Director Fong Foo Sec, who is here representing the Rotary International Board.

Crombie has made friends wherever he has gone and impresses one with seeing the good in people and places. The only complaint we have against him is that he wants, very badly, to steal one of our beaches of which he says we have so many and America has nothing to equal them. Send us some more of the Crombie Allen type and the friendship between U.S.A. and Australia will be cemented.

The International Board showed great wisdom in sending Dr. Fong Foo Sec, as our newspapers are giving him publicity which will bring home to the public the fact of the international character of Rotary—and many of our own members need this.

G. FRED BIRKS,  
Past Director, Rotary International.  
Sydney, Australia.

## A "Kiver-to-Kiver" Club Member

To the Editors:

Without a doubt the April issue of THE ROTARIAN is one of the best ever published. I especially enjoyed and appreciated the article by F. E. Murphy, "Tightening the Wheat Belt." I always like the monthly debates appearing in the magazine. I also thought the article on "Tomorrow's Criminals," by R. W. Morris, and "Paying for the New Deal," by Fred H. Clausen, were mighty fine.

As a matter of fact, I honestly think the ROTARIAN is one of the most helpful magazines printed today. It is one of the very few magazines that I read completely.

ARTHUR BARLOW,  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.



World-wide interest was manifested in THE ROTARIAN's Second International Photograph Competition held last year. Hundreds of photographs were received from many countries. At right is the picture "Waiting" by Dr. Leland C. Davis of Westfield, New Jersey, which was awarded "Honorable Mention."



## Here's *Your* Opportunity —to win one of 20 cash prizes

IN VIEW of the wide and favorable response to the International Vacation Photograph Competition held by THE ROTARIAN in 1933, this magazine is again conducting a similar competition this year. Never before has there been so much interest displayed in taking good photographs. The camera or kodak has become one of the important accessories to every vacation trip.

It won't be long until vacation time. Where will you spend yours? Will it be a motor trip and then a tent pitched somewhere by quiet lake or stream? a trip to Detroit to attend the convention of Rotary International? a visit to world capitals, historic scenes,—or some sequestered spot just far enough away to be free from business worries?

Wherever you go, take your camera or kodak and make a permanent record of some of the interesting episodes of your vacation. In after years, such pictures will provide a highly prized "Memory Book."

Select some of your best pictures taken this year and enter them in this International Competition. You have an excellent chance to win a cash prize.

### FIRST PRIZE

**\$100.00**

### SECOND PRIZE

**\$75.00**

### THIRD PRIZE

**\$50.00**

Two Prizes of \$10.00 Each  
Five Prizes of 5.00 Each  
Ten Prizes of 3.00 Each

## *A Few Rules to Remember*

THE competition is open to Rotarians and non-Rotarians alike, young and old, amateur and professional.

Any number of photographs may be submitted by any one contestant.

Each picture submitted should have plainly written on the back the title of the photograph, the kind of camera used in taking the picture, and the name and address of the contestant.

If contestants wish their photographs returned, sufficient postage should accompany them.

All possible care will be exercised in handling photographs, but no responsibility will be assumed by THE ROTARIAN for loss or damage to prints submitted.

The competition closes on September 15, 1934. However, an extension to October 5, 1934, will be given for those contestants living outside the United States and Canada. (All photographs must be received by THE ROTARIAN not later than the above date.)

The jury of award will consist of prominent photographers, their names to be announced later.

*Address all communications, entries, etc., to:*

**CONTEST EDITOR—THE ROTARIAN**  
211 West Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

# Across the River, Ontario

By Donald R. McLaughlin

President, Rotary Club of Toronto

**D**ETROIT'S skyline looks most impressive from Windsor, on the Canadian side of the Detroit River. When the Rotary convention is over, take the ferry or the tunnel under the river, and see for yourself.

And once across the boundary, once the few formalities of the Canadian immigration and customs inspectors are done with, continue past the smaller edition of Detroit, which is Windsor, and its sister border cities. Paved highways and railways spread out in all directions, northward-bound to Ontario's northern playgrounds, to fishing, canoeing, endless virgin forests, cities and towns, mining and lumber camps, to the greatest gold mines on the continent, and even to the last frontier of Indians, fur traders, and the famous Canadian Mounted Police.

Ontario is the most populous of Canada's nine provinces. A third of the Dominion's total population lives there. The majority of the nearly 3,500,000 Ontarians live in the southern part of the province. Included are many farmers, but most of them are the industrialists of Canada. For manufacturing is the main industry of Ontario. Toronto, the capital of the province, is the second largest city in Canada, exceeded only by Montreal in Quebec province. And Toronto,

Photo: Canadian National Railways.

which in Indian means The Meeting Place, boasts the tallest collection of buildings in the British Empire.

Toronto this year celebrates its one hundred years as an incorporated city. In 1834 it was but a small town nestling on the shore of Lake Ontario, a grown-up trading post. Today it spreads over an area of thirty-five square miles, and the products of its factories go to the four corners of the world. If you come to Toronto right after the convention, you'll be in time for the second of a trio of three-day centenary celebrations, which start on July 1st, Dominion Day.

But Ontario is more than the industrial province of Canada. Its 400,000 square miles, from the Great Lakes to the Hudson Bay, are cluttered up with lakes and rivers, large and small. In winter most of that water is frozen over, but in summer water sports of all kinds are played. From short canoe trips to international yacht races, the whole gamut of aquatic sports is to be witnessed and participated in in Ontario.

While Toronto is a gateway to the northern resort centers, many can be reached via other cities between Windsor and Toronto. To the resorts on Lake Erie, Lake Huron, and the Georgian

All Canada—with its myriad rivers and lakes, forests and historical lore—bids convention-goers welcome!

Bay, the roads out of Windsor are the shortest. The Muskoka Lakes region and the vast provincial game preserves lie north of Toronto, while to the east are the Kawartha and Rideau Lakes districts, and still farther east lies Ottawa, capital of Canada, and the main road into the Gatineau Hills.

And this is of interest. Whether you travel only in southwestern Ontario, tackle eastern Ontario as far as the Quebec-Ontario boundary, go north into the rocky forested regions where mining towns exist, wherever you go, you are not far from the cogged wheel of Rotary. Ontario has forty-nine Rotary meeting places.

**T**HE resorts are nearly all built on a lake, be it large or small. Its shores are lined with boat houses, its waters at all times, morning, noon, and evening, filled with bathers, canoeists, sailors in dinghies, or more pretentious sailing vessels, chugging outboards, roaring seaflea racers, and speeding motor yachts. No matter how small the resort, the variety of water sports is the same.

Regatta days are the high spots in the outdoor program. There are local regattas at each resort, but the biggest are held in the Muskoka Lakes region. There the variety of vessels from all the small and large lakes gather on Regatta Day. They come from island private homes and from the large hotels. From far and near come these jauntily dressed holiday makers, in white and gaily colored sweaters, White predominates against the dark blue of the waters, the grey of the rocks which line the shores of Muskoka's lakes, and the evergreens of the forests which roll down to meet the lapping waters.

Music floats through the crowds which throng the water's edge from private cottages and hotels just back of the shore. Banjos and guitars are strummed by amorous young men in their canoes. A chattering crowd mills back and forth along the beach, while water traffic near shore



*Toronto, in Indian, means the Meeting Place—which carries its own Rotary suggestion. Here is a view of the famous University of Toronto.*



is heavy as canoes, motor and sailing boats edge the bank to pick up friends or gain positions of vantage to witness the races.

There are swimming events and dinghy races. The amateur swimming stars of the province congregate for the day. National and provincial championships are lost and made on Regatta Day at Muskoka.

It is but a step from the summer resorts with their hotels and cottages to the forest preserves, then to the chains of lakes and rivers, some of which flow into the Great Lakes and others into James Bay. Camping spots abound along motor roads and the water highways of the forest. It is not necessary to go far afield, for canoe or boat trips and the pleasures of camping in forests practically untouched.

Game fishing in Ontario is not liable to die out, for the provincial government maintains fifteen hatcheries throughout the province for restocking the lakes and rivers with every type of fresh water game fish. This and the strict adherence to closed seasons for bass, muskellunge, trout, and pickerel, make possible the fine fishing for which the lake playgrounds of the province are noted.

**T**IMAGAMI and Algonquin Parks are vast preserves where forest rangers keep guard, where shooting is not allowed, and where each traveller has to register on entry. Timagami has a fine scenic motor road through a section of it, which is part of the main road from Toronto to Cochrane, just 140 miles south of James Bay, lower arm of Hudson's Bay.

As a region for the angler, Timagami has the reputation of being the finest on the continent. The rivers and streams are alive with speckled trout. Lake trout of from ten to fifteen pounds are frequent, while some have been caught weighing thirty pounds. Black bass from ten to twenty inches in length are found over the whole area. Algonquin Park has 1200 lakes connected in a huge network by a myriad of streams. Lake and stream are filled mainly with speckled and lake trout, pike, lunge, bass and pickerel, as well as the plucky salmon trout, steelhead salmon, and rainbow trout.

*Muskoka is one of three lakes near Toronto. The mill and house (right) are reminders that Quebec is a bit of Old France, transplanted. Three Rivers will celebrate (the last two weeks of July and the first two of August) the tercentenary of that city's founding, on July 4th, 1634.*

In northwestern Ontario there are more fishing districts. Lake Nipigon and the forest reserve of that name has speckled trout galore for the sportsman, with the average weighing five pounds and the record catch having been one of fourteen and one-half pounds. Nipigon Park is just north of Lake Superior, and cliffs along the shore of the lake tower to 1,000 feet above the water. Still farther west is the Lake of the Woods and Rainy River region. Black bass, sturgeon, and speckled trout abound in the lakes and rivers of this area, while the scenery is of the finest.

In the various lake districts of the province, good hotel and camping accommodations are available at reasonable rates.

Then again, if you have never seen a big mine in action, there is a wide choice in Ontario. Gold mines, the world's largest nickel mines near Sudbury, copper, cobalt, silver, lead, and zinc, these are the principal mines in the province. Should you prefer an even closer view of modern mining, there are airplanes that fly on scheduled routes to the new mining camps beyond the railway, northward towards Hudson's Bay. And there is the railway to Moosonee on James Bay, a fur post hundreds of years old, now Ontario's most northern seaport. The last frontier is not so distant from Windsor, across the river from Detroit.

Nearer by, though, Ontario roads lead to many places of scenic and historic interest. There is Niagara Falls, color-illuminated in summer. Its beauty is well-

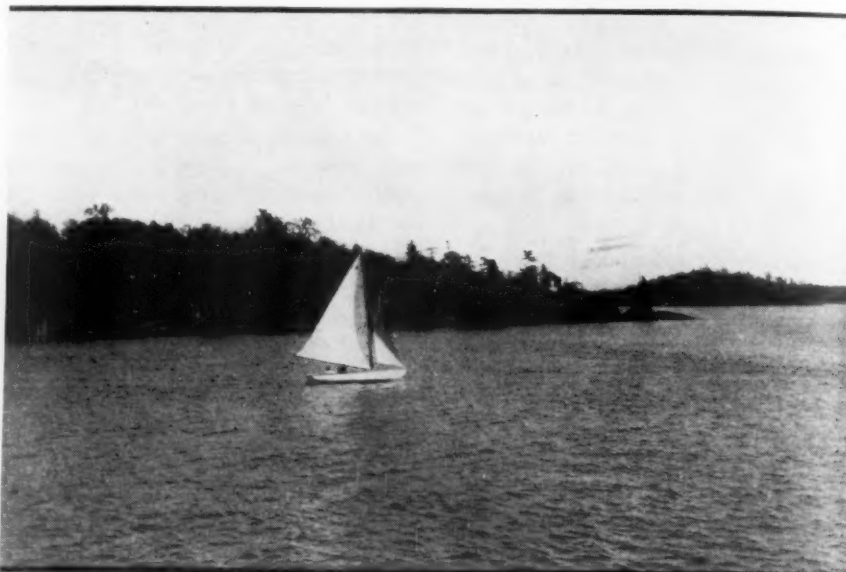


Photo: Canadian Pacific.



known. Farther east, still not far inland from Lake Ontario, paved roads and double-tracked railways lead on to the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River. Nearby is the strip of international waterway about which there has been so much contention; to develop it as a water power site and series of ship canals for ocean-going freighters, or leave it alone.

Kingston is nearby. The city was once the main town in Ontario, then Upper Canada. History was made there, and future makers of history are trained there today, for at Kingston is Canada's West Point, the Royal Military College. Con-

tinue northeast towards Ottawa. There Canada's Parliament meets in picturesque buildings on a cliff overlooking the Ottawa River, with the rolling blue Gatineau Hills in the distance.

Across the river, by any of a number of bridges, is Quebec province. In Ottawa, Canada's French population becomes noticeable. In Quebec, French is heard even more frequently. Northward from Ottawa *habitants* are met, the descendants of the early French settlers of the Dominion. Montreal, too, is a favorite stop-over for travellers. And one should not overlook Three Rivers, where during the last two weeks of July and the first two

of August will be celebrated the 300th anniversary of this city's founding.

These are but a few of the attractions that Ontario opens to Rotarians, homeward bound from Detroit. Come across the river to Windsor and follow the sign of Rotary International through the province, through small industrial cities, suburban towns, metropolitan cities, and the newer towns of the north country. Stay at the modern taverns of the road, or fish and camp your way through Ontario's lakeland. Do this—and you'll have rich and happy memories to carry you through another year.

## Still the World's Great Illusion

[Continued from page 8]

former in fact becomes judge in his own cause. It is a method by which defense for one is secured by depriving the other of it; it makes general defense impossible; it could only work if each could be stronger than the other. It defies arithmetic as it defies morals: it compels each nation to deny to others the right (i.e. the right of superior power) which it claims for itself; it means asking others to accept a position of inferiority which we indignantly refuse to accept for ourselves. It means putting might, not behind right, but behind the denial of right—the denial to others of rights we ourselves claim.

This is not the way in which power is used within nations to secure the defense of things necessary to life and civilization; it is, for instance, the exact contrary of the police method. The police stand behind the law; the army stands behind the litigant; armies and navies are instruments of rival litigants; police the instrument of the judge.

Before the World War, the British said: "If we acquiesce in the growth of Germany's power we shall be at her mercy, and cease to be a free people." As an alternative to this intolerable situation we proposed that Germany should be at our mercy. We, and our Allies, could be depended upon, we said, to use our power justly and fairly, even though we were both litigant and judge. To prove this we made the Treaty of Versailles. If and when those aggrieved use their power to "liberate" themselves, are victorious, and impose on their rivals a new treaty, it will not be better than Versailles; it is likely to be worse; so that the new victim will have to fight to get his rights, and will then, in the name of punitive justice, impose a still worse treaty—till civilization is utterly engulfed and all that makes life of value is burned up in the ever fiercer

flames of fanaticism. Such is the result of arming the litigants instead of the law.

"If," I put it to my generation, "you *must* use arms for defense, why are they not employed as force is employed within the nation—all acting in common to restrain the member who makes himself his own judge?" (And note, parenthetically, that the transfer of power "from litigant to law" can come about in a score of different ways; not necessarily at all by the creation of an international army, or an international police, or even a League of Nations. All that is needed is the right kind of understanding between national governments touching the purpose of their respective national forces.)

**T**HE reply which was given to the question just put brings us to the heart of *The Great Illusion* theme. It was this:

Nations do not use their power to support a world law, because law implies a fundamental common interest in mutual protection. Nations do not desire to protect, but to eat up each other. The national power of each is just an instrument in the struggle of each for life, the struggle of indefinitely expanding units for sustenance in a definitely limited world. War is the struggle for bread, the application of Darwinism to international politics.

And one critic illustrated the argument by the case of Germany. He said:

Germany has born to her every year a million children. Her territory must soon be too small to support her people. They will need the wheat of Canada and the wool of Australia wherewith to feed and clothe them. Those resources belong to us, British, whose duty it is to keep them for our posterity. It is out of those vital needs, which no paper guarantees can dispose of, that the fateful struggle will come.

Now, if that is a true statement of the problem, or, which is just as much to the point, if the parties in the case believe it to be true, though in fact it is false, war is inevitable. Nations will not commit what they believe to be suicide, condemn

their children to the miseries of starvation, on behalf of the higher morality. It is as though one cannibal were to say to another:

"It is plain that either I must eat you, or you must eat me. Let's come to a friendly agreement about it."

They won't come to a friendly agreement about it; they will fight. And they will fight even though as a matter of fact there is plenty of food for both, if only one cannibal would stand on the shoulders of the other in order to reach the fat coconuts on the branches out of reach of either acting alone. They will fight, that is, so long as each is firmly convinced, however wrongly, that the only source of food for himself and family consists in the body of the other.

The belief that in the most vital sense war does indeed "pay," is deeply rooted in our profoundest political convictions, in what we would probably call "instinct"; an "instinct" buttressed by nationalist and patriotic suggestion which plays upon us in a million unnoticed ways. We believe that benefits to be derived from the possession of preponderant national power enormously outweigh the benefits of international coöperation, the pooling of our power with that of other nations to secure coöperative support of law, a collective and coöperative system of defense.

So long as men hold to that belief—as they do—effective international coöperation will be impossible, war and the chaos will continue until civilization disappears. The problem is to reveal clearly the fallacies underlying the "struggle for bread" theory of war; to show exactly why it is *not* true that we must "fight or starve," and why it *is* true that we must stop fighting or starve.

Let us consider this and its implications.

Those babies need the wheat of Canada. Can they not have it? And on exactly the same terms that Englishmen have it—by paying for it? Can the Englishman who "owns" Canada (he no more owns it, of course, than he owns the moon) get a single sack of Canadian wheat without paying for it? If the Canadians or Australians are offered money for their products, do they show any disposition to withhold them because the purchaser is German? He can have them as readily as an Englishman. And if, as the result of war, the German were to change places with the Englishman, the former would still, like the Englishman at present, have to pay for the wheat. The political change would not alter the basic economic situation at all.

**I**S THERE any disposition anywhere to withhold produce? Does it not fly in the face of the simplest facts of the world around us to start with the assumption that our basic economic problem is shortage, scarcity? Plainly it is not total shortage which is the trouble in these days of enormous unused capacity for production; the basic problem is dislocation of the process—mainly a process of exchange—by which the potential wealth of the world is made available for human use. But if the main difficulty, instead of being that of insuring to ourselves the largest possible share of material, is to insure the smooth working of a process, to keep, as it were, the traffic moving on the commercial highways of the world, then the whole nature of the problem is altered. If you have to defend your fields against a predatory neighbor, safety may reside in being stronger than he. But if it is simply a question of keeping the traffic moving, it won't be done by everybody determining to have a bigger motor car than any he is likely to collide with.

The nature of wealth has changed as the result of increasing division of labor, rendered possible by cheapened transport, and the effect has been to make it impossible to seize wealth or trade by military power. The Vikings who raided the coasts of England *did* carry off goods, and doubtless found it profitable. But if we British were to send our Mercantile Marine today into the Baltic and load it up with Scandinavian timber, grain, dairy produce, several things would happen. First, there would be a deafening clamor from every Protectionist in Britain to keep those things out. Second, the sacking of Scandinavian towns would destroy property insured by British insurance companies and render worthless

securities held by British banks, thus affecting British stock-exchange values over a wide area not at first sight at all related to Scandinavia. Our guns in the Baltic would be destroying British property, British investment, British trade, increasing British unemployment, adding to British depression, British economic difficulties, with every shot that was fired.

An early critic said: "If it were not for the protection of our navy, we should have a foreign army invading London, rifling the cellars of the Bank of England of its gold. Only the might of the British navy stands between us and that disaster." I have been interested to observe that this last year or two, foreigners *have* been coming to the Bank of England and taking away its gold, to such purpose indeed that in August 1931 this financial Gibraltar was brought down, pushed off the gold standard, unable to discharge its obligations. What was the navy doing about it? It seemed to be inactive.

Our admirals ask for more cruisers to "protect our sea trade routes." During the last few years, two-thirds of the trade on those routes has disappeared, engulfed in the prevailing chaos. What has the navy been doing about *that*?

The words we commonly use in this connection—"capturing," "taking," "conquering," "seizing"—are usually meaningless. When Germany conquers Alsace or France takes it back, we regard the operation as involving a transfer of property from one group of owners to another. But the farms, fields, houses, factories, furniture, false teeth, remain in the same hands or mouths after conquest as before. There is a change of political administration which may be good, bad, or indifferent, worth dying for it may be; but

there is no transfer of property. But, you may object, the taxes now come to France instead of Germany? But who, now, *is* France? France now includes the Alsacians, who as Frenchmen are the beneficiaries of the taxes they pay. The increase in the number of those who pay corresponds exactly with the increase in the number of those who receive. It is not this way that one adds wealth.

Before the war, critics said: "But the conqueror will take an indemnity, as Germany did in 1872." In a chapter entitled "The Indemnity Futility," written in 1907, I showed why almost certainly the conqueror in a modern war would not get what we now call "reparations," for just about the reasons which impelled the conquerors of the last war, in June 1932 at Lausanne, definitely to abandon the attempt to collect them.

**W**E can conquer trade? Put competitors out of business? The British talked a good deal in that strain during the war, of the vast trade that awaited them when their chief competitor lay low. But now, where is the increase in British trade? It is on the morrow of the defeat of her competitor that Britain is experiencing the gravest commercial crisis she has ever known. Having "destroyed" her competitor's trade, Britain began lending him money to reestablish it; lent it to such extent that finally the City of London was itself all but ruined—bankrupt in an attempt to reestablish the trade and solvency of a competitor who had been rendered insolvent in the first instance by the creditor's own political action. It reads like *Alice in Wonderland*.

Wealth in the modern world depends upon coöperation; ultimately upon international coöperation. Even national trade, national prosperity, is not possible without, among other things, a stable money. But there can be no stable money without international coöperation. We balk at that coöperation in monetary matters, as we do in matters of defense, and in other fields. The impulse of "each his own defender," each his own master, which means in practice necessarily the attempt of each to be the master of others, is plainly the prevailing impulse of our time. Each believes that this mastery, the predominance of his individual power will be effective. If each acts upon that belief, the end plainly must be ruin, utter disaster. To show that that belief is false, and why it is false, and so to prepare men's wills for a coöperative defense of those things upon which civilized life depends, was, and is, the purpose of *The Great Illusion*.

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# Mackinac—Paradise for Dobbin

By Roger Andrews

President, Mackinac Island  
State Park Commission

*Though not far from  
Detroit, Mackinac Island  
allows no automobiles to  
impinge on the serenity  
of Dobbin and calashes.*

THOSE fortunate Rotarians, privileged on their way to or from the Detroit convention to visit Mackinac Island—either as tourists or participants in the pre-convention assembly—will share the thrill which, three hundred years ago almost to a day, greeted the first white arrival, the intrepid explorer, Jean Nicolet. From July 1 to 8, that event will be celebrated with historical pageantry.

Commissioned by Champlain, commandant at Quebec, Nicolet started westward in a single canoe with seven Indians, to find "Cathay and the coast of Asia." And so, when he landed in the famed harbor of Mackinac, he robed himself in the gorgeous vestments of a Chinese mandarin—reinforced as to safety and prestige by what we now call a "horse pistol" in either hand.

Imagine his embarrassment when, instead of a courtly procession of Chinese princes, he found a group of half naked Indians. They sped away in record time when he fired his double salute, and immediately dubbed him "Man with Thunder in Each Hand."

Mackinac Island, some two thousand acres of virgin forest, and intriguing hills, is like a sentinel at the pivot of the Great Lakes. Behind its beauty, however, runs a long story of the most interesting and thrilling pages of American history.



*First sailing vessel on the Lakes  
was La Salle's "Griffin" wrecked  
somewhere near Mackinac in 1679.*



Since the first fortifications were built by the French in the seventeenth century, Old Fort Mackinac has been successively under the three flags of France, Great Britain, and the United States. It is today the oldest standing historical fort in the United States.

The island was a National Park until 1895, and has been a State Park, and Michigan's proud possession, ever since. For more than 150 years it was in turn the outpost of civilization in "the Great Northwest," the seat of the American fur trade, the birthplace of the famous Pontiac rebellion, the last stand of the Mormon church east of Utah, the scene of Indian council and battle and treaty, and the rendezvous of Marquette, Cadillac, Joliet, LaSalle, and a score of martyred missionary heroes who have been canonized by Rome and honored by men of every faith.

Alone in America in its loyalty to the American horse, Mackinac Island permits no automobiles. Here old Dobbin is king indeed. Absent also are mosquitoes and hay fever, and unknown is the hurry and bustle of the great towns and cities.

Rotarians who thrill at the charm of this "Fairy Isle" will scarcely believe that a little more than a century ago its population was larger than all the territory which is now the great and wonderful city of Detroit. At Mackinac Island is the oldest St. Ann parish in the country, with records in possession of Father Thomas A. Kennedy which were begun with the quill pen of a Jesuit martyr in 1691. Beneath its high and wooded cliffs passed the canoe funeral procession with which the sorrowing Indians carried the

*Bullet-scarred blockhouses, reminiscent of the island's past, are in strange proximity to golf links.*

body of Pere Marquette to its last resting place at St. Ignace on the mainland three miles to the north.

To this island, says the Indian legend, came the Great Spirit, the Manitou, to be happy and at peace, entering through Arch Rock, a natural stone bridge without an equal, and taking up his abode beneath Sugar Loaf, a solid rock shaped like a wigwam.

To this island, in these latter days, come half a million summer visitors, to rest and to play, to inhabit private homes of palatial design or cottages of roughed logs, to be guests of the world's largest summer hotel, on a commanding bluff unfolding a forty mile panorama of Lakes Huron and Michigan, and the

Straits of Mackinac, through which passes annually the lake commerce of industrial America.

Here is stately and commanding Old Fort Mackinac, with its bullet-scarred block houses and secret tunnels, its foot-worn sally port, its moat-surrounded stone quarters, its drama of war and its pageantry of history writ years before the days of '76.

Mackinac Island has the largest all-season state historical exposition in the country, with an array of antiques, old paintings and silhouettes, colonial furniture, ancient fire arms and Indian relics, which has attracted the attention of collectors and connoisseurs the world over.

But its oldest possession, its greatest

attraction and its most potent charm is its form divine, little altered since it came from the hand of the Creator as a gem *de luxe* of His handiwork. Travellers have compared it to the most favored beauty spots of the world, and rich indeed would be any virgin island or mainland park with a greater wealth of bridle paths, forest trails, commanding hills and wooded valleys.

Rotarians will come to Mackinac Island near the full of the moon, sensing some undefined alchemy of the soul when the trailing notes of the bugle blow "taps" from the old fort's parapets, and the echo carries down the eighth of a mile of the hotel porch into the woodlands above the rippling straits.

## What's Happening in Soviet Land?

[Continued from page 21]

the land and flocking into industry, created the problem of absorbing him in industrial plants. On the one hand, there have been frequent shortages of farm labor to take care of planting, sowing, and harvesting of crops. On the other hand, there has been and continues to be the problem of fitting the muzhik into some industrial pursuit. The number of skilled workers in Soviet industry has been increasing rapidly in recent years, but not fast enough to train the constantly arriving recruits from the land.

It is almost incomprehensible how the primitive, often illiterate peasants can become adept at handling delicate machinery. Frequently they marvel at an oil can upon their first visit to a factory, and may have to be taught how to tell time, having never before seen a timepiece. It is a source of endless surprise to foreign technicians and engineers employed in Soviet industries, to see the rapidity with which these erstwhile awkward farmers develop into skilled mechanics and highly efficient workmen on the bench. They apply themselves to their tasks with a childlike enthusiasm. It is all so new to them, they seem to be revelling in a fairyland where everything appears to respond to their magic touch. They have suddenly been obsessed with a sense of power, a feeling that they can control forces and make them serve their wills, forces which yesterday they did not know existed.

It is inevitable that this sudden awakening of the muzhik has been conducive to enormous waste in production. Every industry in the Soviet Union may be regarded as a training school for the workers, and the tuition, which is being paid

by the masses to learn the use of modern implements and modern techniques, represents an incalculable social cost.

Every effort is being made in the Soviet Union to realize economies in production, to reap the benefits from labor saving devices by lowering unit costs of production, but to date these efforts have met with only moderate success. Although rigorous systems of cost accounting and cost analysis have been made mandatory, not only in individual industries, but also within separate departments and units of industrial plants, it is frequently difficult to achieve the desired results, chiefly because of the inability to increase labor efficiency in accordance with the industrial plan.

**T**HE industrial or production program for each unit of an industrial plant is accompanied by a financial budget or plan, clearly itemizing the estimated monetary expenditures necessary to induce a specified physical volume of production. The separate managers, foremen, and even individual workers, are all charged with the responsibility of keeping the financial and industrial program in harmony, that is, achieving a specific volume of production with a specific monetary expenditure. But when it is discovered that either because of labor inefficiency, dearth of raw materials, or poor organization, the budgeted expenditures do not produce the desired results, it becomes a matter of sacrificing the production program and adhering to the financial plan, or vice versa.

One of the serious problems that has confronted Soviet industry in recent years has arisen out of the difficulties of keep-

ing the industrial and financial programs properly coordinated. The budgeted expenditures of funds were frequently inadequate to achieve the planned volume of production. But the incessant drive during the past few years has been toward the completion of the industrial plan in record time. The financial plan has often been sacrificed, by making liberal use of the credit of the State Bank, to provide additional working capital for those industries which could not operate within their estimated cost figures.

These excessive credits were clearly reflected in pronounced rises of commodity prices in the free competitive markets, where the Soviets had not yet repealed the inexorable law of supply and demand. Even in the closed coöperatives and general coöperatives, where workers and employees are permitted to purchase a limited supply of commodities on their ration cards, prices advanced somewhat in 1932 and 1933. Moreover, the scarcity of supplies in these stores and the anxiety of the buyers to get them before the supplies are exhausted, has been revealed by the long queues of waiting people before coöperative stores, often standing for hours to obtain their meager daily rations. The real cost and human waste involved in this procedure of distributing provisions to the people is beyond calculation.

Soviet authorities have maintained assiduously that there has been no inflation in the Soviet Union, since they regard money not so much a measure of value as an instrument of social control. Prices of commodities in the free market are of little concern to them, for this market will automatically disappear, they maintain, when the shortage of consumer's



Photo: Ewing Galloway.

*These Moscow peasant women, aided in delivering the "family wash" by a smartly attired grandson, are typical of the remnants of the pre-Soviet régime throughout Russia.*

goods is overcome. This, in turn, will be achieved when increased productivity of labor is realized in the factory and on the farm with the assistance of modern machinery and of modern industrial technique.

The Second Five Year Plan contemplates increasing the supply of consumer's goods for the Russian people two to threefold. These increasing supplies, sold through the coöperatives to the workers at fixed prices, will absorb the purchasing power of the people, it is alleged, and will leave no surpluses to spend in the free market. Thus the free markets in Soviet Russia will eventually die a natural death, according to statements of Soviet spokesmen.

The abundant grain harvest in 1933 has resulted in removing restrictions on purchases of cereal foods in the coöperatives in various areas of the Soviet Union. Consequently, prices for these products in the free market have been brought to the level of governmentally fixed prices.

The problem of increasing the supply of consumer's goods to satisfy the increasing wants of an aroused people has become one of immediate and growing concern to Soviet authorities. The constant emphasis placed on physical volume of production—the obsession of material progress reflected in the often repeated Bolshevik tempo has at times resulted in a decided neglect of quality of production. This has been particularly true of consumer's goods.

It is not an altogether unique experi-

ence to find oneself rudely precipitated on the floor when attempting to put a nice, new chair to its customary and time-honored usage. The plumbing in the newly constructed and renovated hotels is likewise exceedingly inferior when judged by American quality standards. Although water may be turned on and gush forth from the faucet over the wash bowl, it will refuse to function in the adjacent flush toilet. Alleged shower baths consist, at times, of a half-inch pipe protruding from the ceiling. In order to become properly immersed in water, when putting these devices to practical use, one must be very careful to stand so the flow from the pipe will strike the proper pivotal point of one's head.

**I**NASMUCH as the Second Five Year Plan is concentrating on the improvement, as well as the increase, of consumer's goods, it would not be amiss to suggest that Soviet Russia could perhaps profit as much from the services of a group of master plumbers as it has profited from the engineers and technical experts who have assisted her in the development of heavy industry during the First Five Year Plan.

Although the quality of consumer's goods in many instances is distinctly inferior when judged by American standards, foreign technicians and engineers speak very highly of the achievements of Soviet workers along lines of quality production in heavy industries. Electric

generators, recently constructed by Soviet workers, are said to function more efficiently than similar generators imported from Germany. A Soviet-made tractor possesses power and endurance comparing favorably with similar tractors imported from abroad.

To stimulate quantity production, the system of piece wage rates has been introduced wherever possible. Wage earners are paid differential wages in accordance with their productivity. A certain norm is set up for the basic rate, and he who produces beyond the norm obtains additional pay. Every conceivable effort is being made to stimulate labor productivity. In factories, large display signs are placed before the workers, telling them that the better workers will receive a higher wage and a better home in which to live.

Even in agriculture, piece rates have been introduced. He who plows more acres of land or harvests more acres of grain, receives a higher wage. The American farm expert, on one of the large state farms in the Northern Caucasus, expressed his decided disapproval of the attempts to introduce piece rates in agriculture. He felt that it meant sacrifice of quality, such as shallow plowing or poor gathering of grain in order to increase quantity.

Better quality in production will, no doubt, result from mastering industrial technique, from improvements in plant organization, from better inspection of product, and, perhaps, from higher pen-



alties imposed for poor workmanship and shoddy materials.

The pronounced shortage of consumer's goods at the present time has, in part, counteracted the possibilities of increasing quality. Because of the intensive need for more goods, practically any material object, if it has only a semblance of usefulness, can find a ready buyer. It is not so important to assure quality under such conditions. But as time goes on and material and cultural progress continues, the Russian people will learn to demand quality as well as quantity.

Under the present system of industrial organization, the industrial worker has a far higher degree of security than under our economic system. There is a highly developed system of social insurance in the Soviet Union, consisting of sick benefits, old age pensions, maternity benefits, and the like. Unemployment insurance has been discontinued for the time being, since there are plenty of jobs for all who are willing and qualified to work.

**T**HE industrial worker is not made to worry over his job. He is legally free to move elsewhere, if he feels that he can improve his economic status by doing so. Labor turnover in Soviet industry has, in recent years, been a cause of considerable concern to many Soviet industrial managers. It has frequently resulted in excessive costs of production, and every effort is now being made to reduce labor turnover by standardizing wage payments for various types of labor in different industries, by improving general living conditions for the workers identified with specific industrial enterprises.

and more recently by passport control.

Many of the devices employed in Soviet industry to increase output, such as piece rate, wage incentives, machine technique, and the like, savor very strongly of similar devices prevailing in capitalistic countries. But there is one fundamental difference between the organization of industry in the Soviet Union and that which prevails under capitalism.

Whereas capitalistic countries organize industry for personal gain, for private profit, Soviet industry is organized for social gain, and for social profit. The laborer is made to feel that he owns a participating interest in the capital which he uses in production. He is made to share, sooner or later, in the profits of industry. Thus, in the Soviet Union, there is a fundamentally different ideology from that which pertains among industrial workers in capitalistic countries. There the emphasis is placed on the relationship of labor to capital. Labor is made to feel that it employs capital rather than that capital employs labor. The worker in Soviet Russia looks upon himself as the master and capital as his servant. This difference is fundamental to an understanding of the economic system, which is being evolved in the Soviet Union.

Furthermore, since the ownership of capital is vested in society organized as the state, it is the state and state authority, in one form or another, which gives direction to the employment of capital. In other words, state planning and coördination of economic activity in the interest of the people becomes inevitable in an economic system where competitive prices and production for profits

are no longer the directing forces. Economic planning is an inevitable concomitant of an economic system such as is being evolved in the Soviet Union. It substitutes for freedom of enterprise, authoritative direction.

**T**HE Soviet economic system may evolve for the masses a higher degree of economic security and greater industrial stability than has prevailed hitherto in capitalistic countries. But this security and stability is attained at the expense of free enterprise and freedom of individual choice.

Soviet Russia today is in the process of establishing an economic order which rests on a radically different foundation from that on which capitalism has been established. It is a challenge to all those who believe in the fundamental soundness of the principles on which the capitalistic system is erected. The ultimate superiority of either the one or the other system can be demonstrated only in terms of the results achieved.

Soviet Russia has in recent years learned a great deal from the capitalistic world. Is it not conceivable that the capitalistic world may perhaps learn something from Soviet Russia? That economic system must stand the test of time, which is best able to provide its people, to an ever increasing degree, with those material and spiritual values upon which all progress of civilization ultimately rests. Perhaps a new synthesis may yet be evolved by man, which will incorporate the best features of the two rival economic systems now struggling for world supremacy.

## Coming in the July ROTARIAN—



Stewart Edward White  
—“touring without becoming  
a tourus is a real art.”

### What are “Tourii”?

**A**UTHOR WHITE'S opinion is that “they are quite human; that among them are actually many nice people caught by a spell . . . but touring without becoming a tourus is a real art . . .” Years of travel in “most every corner of the globe have equipped Stewart Edward White to write with authority on travel habits of peoples. You'll relish his whimsical account of the tourii . . . and approve his cure for what makes them that way.

Other timely articles on questions of vital interest to business men, written by men who are competent to speak with authority. . . .

### What Happens in Detroit?

**A**LMOST before 1934 Rotary convention-goers return home from Detroit, *The Rotarian* will present the news and views of what happened in Detroit. If you keep up with Rotary, you'll not care to miss the story of the 1934 convention.

**Watch for Next Month's ROTARIAN**

## Mead vs. Cogville: For the Plaintiff

[Continued from page 13]

him to step aside now, and for you to take Rotary away from him would be asking too great a sacrifice. Nor would it be fair to "shelve" him as an honorary member. Not one of you who knows Rotary and loves it as he does would want such a thing to happen to you. Any man who, like John K. Standbye, has not missed a weekly meeting in more than ten years, loves Rotary. Why should he sacrifice it, either voluntarily or involuntarily, after all he has given to it of time and effort and whole-hearted devotion?

No, gentlemen, that is not the way—nor would my client accept such a sacrifice on the part of his father's old friend. There must be a way out—and, I feel, there is. But before broaching it, let me call attention to conditions that open the door to further desirable change.

First, consider my friend of many years' standing, P. A. Durham. When he retired from the livestock business last year, you elected him to "past service" membership, as provided for by Rotary rules. He has been a Rotarian only since 1928, and has been unable because of failing health, to attend regularly for some time. Now he is in Florida, making up an occasional meeting at St. Petersburg so as to maintain his attendance record. But here at Cogville, the active "livestock" classification, which he vacated by becoming a past service member, is filled by his son, Angus Durham, whose Caruso-esque and other good qualities we all know well, and by his junior partner, Porter House, who is an additional active member.

Now let's consider Exhibit No. 2—I know he won't object to the appellation—provided by John D. Rockyford. He, never an active member, was elected an honorary member of this club because of his public spirit, attested by the fine Cogville library. But his classification, were he to be considered for active Rotary membership, would have to be that of Tom Goldman—Banking; commercial.

Right before me is the next Exhibit—Bob Quill. Good old Bob. Don't quote me, in your *Cogville Banner*, Bob, but you're holding the same Rotary classification as does Goudy Pye, over there, of the *Cogville Blade*. And that is quite all right, because Rotary regards "the press" as a non-competitive vocation.

But gentlemen, surely from these three instances you see that we of Rotary are not consistent. It's legal, Rotarily, for

P. A. Durham to be a past service member, with his son and Porter House to be active and additional active members, respectively—but they are livestock men, all three of them. It's legal for John D. Rockyford to be an honorary member, although he, like Tom Goldman, is a banker. It's legal for Bob Quill and Goudy Pye to be active members, although they are competing newspaper publishers.

But lo, poor Harris Mead! You want him as an active member of your club. The man who now holds the creamery classification would welcome him as a fellow Rotarian. But your hands are tied by a rule. So long as it is a rule, you will abide by it of course. But valuable as it has been in the years that Rotary has been pioneering the way for the service club movement, I submit that the time is here when it should be modified.

May I, therefore, call your attention to Proposed Enactment 34-1, to be considered at the Detroit Convention of Rotary International. It provides for a new class, a sort of emeritus membership, to be called "senior." This would give the active member the option, after he has been in Rotary for ten years, of becoming a senior member. And, for those admitted subsequent to July 1, 1934, membership would after twenty years be automatically transferred from the active to senior membership. The proposal further provides for the man who, because of retirement from active business or professional life, loses his classification. If he has been a Rotarian for five years he could be elected to senior membership, instead of the past service membership as at present.

**Y**OU men will readily understand how this senior membership plan would admit younger, more active men to membership through the same classification previously held so honorably by an older man. It would solve the problem before us today; it would solve similar problems confronting Rotary clubs everywhere, especially the older clubs. The difficulty you face is one which hundreds of clubs face increasingly as they approach twentieth anniversaries. Before 1934 ends, approximately 150 clubs of Rotary International will be more than twenty years old. In five years, we may assume, there will be 750, in ten years close to 2,000.

Rotary owes much to its grand old-time members, not all elderly by any means, but men who are not shouting

quite so much, nor singing so loudly as they did, for example, on your charter night here in Cogville sixteen years ago. Many of you men were then at the age where Harris Mead is now. You were putting your shoulder to the wheel of Rotary in Cogville in just the way you all know Harris Mead will do if he becomes a member of this club. I appeal to you in behalf of all the Harris Meads who want to join Rotary all over the world, whose youth, initiative, and enthusiasm Rotary sorely needs.

We are all agreed, I am sure, that Rotary must never come to be regarded as an "old man's club" through conservatism that is not based on reason. I do not advocate throwing down the bars, as it has been suggested any flexing of the rules would mean. Not at all. Rather, I plead for liberalism in Rotary, for the eventual good of Rotary. This flexibility suggested comes not at the base, but at the top, by extending to a long-time member an honor, perhaps the greatest that Rotary can give—a senior membership—*honoris causa!*

Such a membership, I believe would appeal to John Standbye as a distinct honor after his sixteen years of service to Rotary, and to others of the older members here. He would not cease to be an active member, nor have any of the privileges of classified membership curtailed. Of course you would expect him to pay his dues just as he has always done, and promptly, which is as he would wish. He would not be excused from attendance, nor with his wonderful record of ten years without a miss, would he ever wish to be. But when you thus recognize and honor him, because of his splendid years of service in the past, you would be making a path for my client, Harris Mead, to enter Rotary and to make in the future the contribution to Rotary and to the city of Cogville that you and I know he is bound to make once the inspiration of Rotary ideals can be imparted to him through his connection with this active club.

Moreover, business, itself, is changing. New codes and new conditions are coming into existence. It is the task of the younger men to aid in the reconstruction of our business structure. We want Rotary ideals to live in them through the next generation. The impress of John Standbye has already been made. The stamp of Harris Mead is yet to be registered on the business he heads. Let him in

the future do for both firms what our Rotarian member has done in the past. He will have new tools and new materials for his task. Let him have as well, Rotary's guidance.

I hope, gentlemen of the jury, that you will render a verdict which will be favorable to all the Harris Meads of all lands. By so doing, you will make it possible to keep Rotary virile by bringing in the younger men of the community, now

barred by rules covering conditions which did not exist ten, fifteen, twenty years ago, but which handicap Rotary today. Let us so modify our Rotary rules and regulations as to attract and hold, not repel, fine young men who need Rotary in their life and work, and whom Rotary International needs perhaps more than ever just now.

From this club's inception, the initiative for the many activities you have

promoted and fostered in Cogville has come from the younger, more energetic members, ably supported morally and financially by the older men within the club. Rotary must continue to initiate and execute measures for the improvement of the club and the community. It needs men like Harris Mead.

You owe it to Cogville, gentlemen, and to Rotary, to make their admission to Rotary possible.

## Mead vs. Cogville: For the Defendant

[Continued from page 15]

retailing," is fifty-four years old and soon will complete his tenth year of membership. If this proposed classification change is in effect when Otto has completed the required ten years of Rotary service and has become eligible for, and wishes to elect, the senior membership, whom will you secure to fill his classification? There are but two other shoe merchants in town and both are over sixty years of age. Both of these men are of high character, ethical in business, and well regarded in the community. In case Otto Blucher decided, perhaps under friendly pressure, to relinquish his classification, some member of this club would immediately propose the name of one of his competitors for membership. Do you suppose Otto would relish such an arrangement? I am sure he would not, although for the good of Rotary he might keep silent. It might even be expected that, in time, his interest in Rotary would wane. This is a case which has a parallel in hundreds of Rotary clubs the world over.

My opponent has sought to prove what younger blood will do for a club by citing the case of P. A. Durham who was succeeded in active membership by his son, Angus, and by his junior partner, Porter House, an additional active member. Both are young men who have contributed much to the club, but I would like to ask my brother attorney, if he is so certain that Rotary needs "younger blood" to keep it from becoming an "old man's club," why the four recently filled classifications in this club were not filled with younger men?

Were young Phillip Quick or "Tex" Attaboye selected to fill the classification, "refined oil products, retailing"? No. The classification committee chose H. C. Ethell, who is over fifty years of age, although the young men were eligible, too, by every test of character.

Why was the "barber-shops" classification filled by Frank Pate, age 58, instead of Harry Head, age 35?

Why was the "general law practice" classification filled by Peter Moot, age 55, instead of Ralph Beyliff, age 29, and the classification "photography" by Henry Eastman, age 55, instead of Bill N. Howell, who is 25?

**H**ERE are four opportunities which have come to this club within the last eight months wherein it might have provided for "younger blood," but in each case the older and more experienced man was chosen. The older man was chosen because it was thought he best represented in Rotary the type of service given to the community by his business or profession. These men had proven their worth, they had a background of successful experience, and they were qualified to view in the proper perspective the whole field of service through the eyes of a Rotarian.

Is youth of itself any guarantee of energy and enthusiasm? The idea that a man's age is expressed in years has been exploded both in scientific research and in practical experience. We do not have to look far to find that it is not always the younger blood in a service club that keeps it alive. You will recall that only last September the Thisandthat Club surrendered its charter. This organization is founded on a principle somewhat similar to Rotary and was composed of men ten or twelve years younger than the members of the Rotary club. It was a "young" club; now it is a dead club. The same thing happened in Crossville not thirty miles from here where the Thisandthat Club surrendered its charter a little over a year ago.

Like the Thisandthat Club in Cogville, the Crossville group was made up largely of the "promising young men" of the city—but there was that something lacking which was needed to give the club balance and stability. Then again, you need only to review the history of your own Rotary club to learn that it was not the younger members who have given it the power and community influence it com-

mands today. If you count the number of men who have resigned from membership in this club during the past few years you will find that the larger proportion of these resignations were from the so-called younger men. You will also find that of these young men who resigned, nearly all had been members of the club only twelve or thirteen months.

This should prove to you that the life of Rotary is not, and never will be, dependent upon its "young blood." Mr. Standbye, himself, was forty-four years of age when he entered Rotary. Some, I suppose, would say that even then he was not a young man. But he has been a faithful member since the inception of the club back in 1918. He has a perfect attendance record of ten years standing, and he has been, and still is, active in all the affairs of the club. I claim that he represents his classification in Rotary just as effectively as he did when he became a member. To force the retirement of all the Standbys from their classifications in Rotary before they retire from their own business activity would be to them a personal tragedy and a distinct loss to Rotary.

Gentlemen, before we throw the single classification principle of Rotary into the ash-heap, let us look at the experience of some of the fraternal orders in Cogville. The Loyal Order of Whoosis was once the most prominent fraternal order in this town. It was an honor for a man to gain admission to its membership. It stood for the highest ideals and its leaders were the strong men of the community. But as time went on there was a demand for new members, for new and "younger blood." The doors were opened and the former high standards were broken down. Fundamental principles upon which the order was built were altered for the sake of increasing the membership roll. The result was inevitable. Undesirable members were admitted, second-raters assumed the positions of leadership, and the more desirable members either became inactive or dropped their member-



ship entirely. The Loyal Order of Whoos-is is rapidly becoming a candidate for the Graveyard of Lost Causes that have died because of a super-infusion of "younger blood."

In conclusion, gentlemen, let us look again at these men whom you would honor by the proposed senior membership, these men who would become secondary cogs in the Rotary wheel. In theory they would still remain active, they would attend the meetings even though they might be given a seat in the chimney corner, and, of course, they would be allowed to pay their dues. But, in practice, they would gradually but surely lose their enthusiasm for Rotary. They would no longer represent the classification which they had dignified and which had given them an opportunity to serve society. This classification would be held by their competitor, who may or may not be a younger man.

What man does not take justifiable pride in the business or profession he has builded? To have this business or pro-

fession recognized as successful by one's fellows is one of the highest rewards in life. This reward is membership in Rotary which comes to a man because he has "arrived." To take this recognition away after it has been enjoyed for ten or fifteen years and to give it to a competitor will be asking too much of human nature. No, we cannot do it! We must keep faith with these grand old men in Rotary who still have a unique and valuable contribution to make to their clubs and to their communities.

Gentlemen, if you are determined to have more and younger members in this club, do not ask that the single classification principle be abandoned. Rather, investigate the possibility of having more "additional active" members in this club. Do not ask these men like John Standbye to stand aside and fold their hands, but seek to find worthy members to represent the unfilled classifications which have been listed by the Classification Committee. There are actually more vacant Rotary classifications in this town than

there are older members who, under the proposed rule, might elect to become senior members and thus allow younger (?) men to assume their classifications. Let us fill these vacant classifications before we ask that one of the fundamental principles of Rotary be altered.

You have heard an appeal for a gearing of Rotary to the new tempo of the times. Certainly we do not want it to become a dinosaur which, because it failed to accommodate itself to change, is beached by progress. Nature teaches us that wherever there is life there is change, but life in all its stages also teaches us that it is just as unwise to waver with every wind of fancy as it is to resist the inevitable. Ship masts are made from stalwart Norway pine that have weathered the storms, not from willows. And a Rotary that will endure will be a Rotary that holds fast to fundamentals even though apparent injustices are done to individuals—not a Rotary that shifts and sways to every breeze that blows.

Gentlemen, the choice rests with you.

## Mead vs. Cogville Rotary Club

### The Reply of 'the Attorney for the Plaintiff,' L. Dudley Field



L. DUDLEY FIELD

**Y**OUR HONOR, Gentlemen of the Jury:

First let me say that the proposed senior membership is not an abandonment of the single classification principle of Rotary, but is rather an expansion or liberalization of the membership requirements for a definite purpose, namely the overcoming of a recognized weakness in Rotary.

But my opponent says the suggested change does not insure the election of "young blood." Granted that is so, it nevertheless insures *new* blood, always a source of strength to any organization. Rotary clubs endeavor to choose men of eligibility, regardless of age, and, when a choice is offered, select the man whose standing, ability and interest pronounce him as the best potential Rotarian. Frequently, though not always, this is bound to be a comparatively young man.

My opponent further urges, and I agree, that additional active membership should be expanded. When you accept senior membership, you accomplish an equally desirable expansion, in a direction not now covered. In fact, there is a possibility that the new member, admissible

when senior membership has been granted to a member, might come from the senior's own business organization, and in such a case almost assuredly would be a younger man.

You have heard of the Thisandthat Club, but I venture to suggest that this club did not fail for the sole reason that it was a young man's club. Why did certain younger members resign? Was it because they were young, or because they felt that they were associating with old men? I think not. The reasons generally given were personal or financial—or because they just didn't "click."

I cannot admit that a senior member will ever become in his club what my opponent designates as a "secondary cog." Is a past service member or an additional active member set apart or relegated to the chimney corner? Not at all, and each of them duplicates or may duplicate another classification within the club.

Our senior member can represent in Rotary the same classification he has always held and just as well as ever. The adoption of the term "senior" will not at all change the man's character, his interest, his vocation, or his attitude towards Rotary—excepting, perhaps, to strengthen his desire to continue to serve

Rotary well because he has been recognized as one who is deserving the honor of elevation to the rank of a senior member.

No man is forced to retire from his classification under the proposed plan, until after a twenty-year period from July 1, 1934. It is optional with the member whether he shall apply for senior membership after ten years.

My opponent refers to a lodge ruined through zeal to increase membership at the expense of its standing and dignity. This is not the Rotary plan. There will be no urge to admit undesirable and second-rate members any more than there is now. Your board and officers can be trusted not to do that foolish thing just because new regulations permit, under certain definite conditions, a moderate expansion of membership for reasons clearly outlined.

Any legal expansion of Rotary membership is not only desirable but necessary for the growth of the club. Senior membership is not so much a program of expansion as it is a program designed to increase the working efficiency of Rotary. I believe the plan is sound, and that it should be adopted by Rotary International. The decision, gentlemen, rests with you.

## Mead vs. Cogville Rotary Club

### The Rejoinder of 'the Attorney for the Defense,' Paul S. Bond



PAUL S. BOND

**Y**OUR Honor, and Gentlemen of the Jury:

The arguments of my friend, the counsel for the plaintiff, are interesting but not convincing. He has stated that the present single classification rule is sapping the strength of Rotary instead of nourishing it. But does this accord with the facts? An estimated gain of 6,215 members in Rotary International from July 1, 1933, to April 1, 1934, would seem convincingly to prove it anything but a weakening organization.

My opponent has made much of his three "exhibits" which he has produced to show that exceptions are already made to the single classification rule. They are the only exceptions among all the some four to five thousand different classifications. Let us look at these exhibits.

Exhibit A: P. A. Durham has retired from the livestock business and, according to the basic principle of Rotary, he can no longer represent that classification. He becomes properly a past service member thus leaving his original classification open to a competitor or any one who can qualify. In this instance his son and

Porter House, a business partner, were elected.

Exhibit B: Honorary membership is as old as Rotary itself. Although Honorary Member John D. Rockyford is a banker, he has never represented the banking business in this Rotary club. He was *not* admitted to represent this classification. He was admitted in order that Rotary might recognize a splendid and unusual piece of community service. And you know how seldom he has attended luncheons since he has been an honorary member. He is pleased to be an honorary member, but I am sure I speak the truth—and he would agree—when I say that he is not well acquainted with the ideals and standards of Rotary, nor does he take great interest in them. This frequently has been our experience with honorary members. But would my opponent add to their number all of our splendid active Rotarians just because they have rendered ten years of Rotary service?

Exhibit C: The learned counsel's remark about our two newspaper men, Bob Quill and Goudy Pye, answers his own argument. He says "the press" is regarded by Rotary as non-competitive. The field of journalism is so broad in its service to the community and to the world that no cross section of Cogville

would be complete without representatives from both the *Banner* and the *Blade*.

John Standbye, in his generous attitude, has well exemplified the true Rotarian. His is a commendable stand as it relates to his personal relations with Harris Mead. It reflects favorably upon his Rotary experience, as he has conceived the ideal of service in his association with Rotarians of Cogville. Nor should we censure in the least the desire of Harris Mead to become identified in this community with that for which Rotary stands. But gentlemen, this case is not an isolated instance. The principle you are asked to pass upon is one of far-reaching import.

May I again remind you that this is not a case affecting only Harris Mead and the creamery classification, but practically every classification in the 3,700 clubs in international Rotary? It is not a case of these two competitors here in Cogville, but of all the Harris Meads and John Standbys the world over under varying conditions in the different clubs.

Gentlemen, you have in your hands a case which involves the very foundations of Rotary. I hope that your decision will be one which will look beyond personalities to the general good of Rotary both here in Cogville and the world over.

## Rotary Hourglass

[Continued from page 31]

tions affecting this status and prerogative of administration may only be effected by R.I. Convention with the consent of an R.I.B.I. Conference.

On the other hand, the viewpoint of the R.I. Board, which must of necessity be set forth in some detail, is that:

The first eight British and Irish Rotary Clubs, which in 1914 founded the British Association of Rotary Clubs, were at the time all members of the International Association of Rotary Clubs and had agreed "to be bound in all things, not contrary to law, by the constitution and by-laws of the International Association of Rotary Clubs, and to faithfully observe the same"; and the constitution and by-laws of the International Association of Rotary Clubs provided for their own amendment.

The 1922 (Los Angeles) Convention of the I. A. of R. C. amended its constitution and by-laws by adopting the present constitution and by-laws of Rotary International. The delegates representing the British and Irish Clubs, which were members of I. A. of R. C., voted therefor; and the Conference of the British Association of Rotary Clubs had previously approved the new constitution and by-laws.

By the resolution of the Los Angeles Convention, adopting the constitution and by-laws of R.I., "all the members of the International Association of Rotary Clubs," including the British and Irish Clubs, became "member clubs of Rotary International"; and just before or immediately after the adoption of the constitution of R.I. at Los Angeles in 1922, all British and Irish Clubs that had not previously become members of the I. A. of R. C. applied for membership in and became members of R.I.; and all British and Irish Clubs, subsequently organized, have been chartered by R.I. and are member clubs thereof.

All the Rotary Clubs in Britain and Ireland are now member clubs of R.I., and, as such, are subject to the

constitution and by-laws of R.I., and, by the provisions of Section 4 of Article IV thereof, they accepted, ratified and agreed "to be bound in all things, not contrary to law, by this constitution and the by-laws of Rotary International, and amendments thereto, and to faithfully observe the provisions thereof." As such member clubs they have all the rights and privileges and are subject to all the duties and obligations set out in the constitution and by-laws of Rotary International and the amendments from time to time made, or hereafter to be made, to such constitution and by-laws.

After the adoption of the new constitution and by-laws at Los Angeles, the British Association of Rotary Clubs ceased to exist. However, the Rotary Clubs of Britain and Ireland had agreed to support, and the delegates at Los Angeles from the Rotary Clubs of Britain and Ireland, which were members of I. A. of R. C., supported the adoption of the constitution and by-laws of Rotary International with the understanding that the clubs of Britain and Ireland would organize as a "territorial unit," in accordance with the provision therefor in the new constitution and by-laws of R.I., and that the constitution and by-laws proposed by them for that purpose (the constitution and by-laws of R.I.B.I.) should be approved by the International Convention immediately after it should have adopted the new constitution and by-laws of Rotary International.

Pursuant to and in accordance with the constitution and by-laws of Rotary International, the clubs in Britain and Ireland did apply to Rotary International in the manner provided by the constitution and by-laws of R.I. for authority to set up a territorial unit and submitted their proposed constitution and by-laws to the Los Angeles convention for approval; and the Los Angeles Convention did, by resolution, "approve the said constitution and by-laws of said Rotary International Association for Great Britain and Ireland, and . . . authorize the said territorial unit to organize, administer

and give expression to Rotary within the territorial limits of Great Britain and Ireland in accordance with its constitution and by-laws and the constitution and by-laws of Rotary International."

Hence, R.I.B.I. was organized in accordance with the constitution and by-laws of R.I., and is in all respects bound thereby, including all subsequent amendments thereto. The member clubs of R.I.B.I., being member clubs of R.I. and the constitution and by-laws of R.I.B.I. having been approved in accordance with the constitution and by-laws of R.I., it was and ever since has been competent for R.I., in due and legal form, to amend its own constitution and by-laws, even though, thereby, some of the provisions of the constitution and by-laws of R.I.B.I. may be amended or repealed.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding the strict legal status of R.I.B.I. as above set out, neither the Board of Directors of R.I. nor any International Convention of R.I. should undertake, without the acquiescence of the delegates of the members clubs of Britain and Ireland, to deprive R.I.B.I. of any legal territorial prerogatives given it by its constitution. It is reasonable to assume that the good sense and the spirit of fair play of the delegates from the member clubs of R.I. will prevent any such possibility.

However, neither can R.I.B.I., in a matter which is international in scope, be allowed to exercise a right to veto on amendments to the R.I. constitution and by-laws or other legislation duly enacted by a convention of Rotary International; and, where there is a conflict of opinion, as to whether matters are "international, national or otherwise, in their scope and character," the Board of Directors of R.I. must exercise the jurisdiction given the Board of Directors of R.I. by Section 8 of Article IV of the by-laws of R.I. in regard to the determination of such matters.

THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD.

## While the Men Are Busy

*The wife of a Detroit Rotarian, Past President Douglas A. Jamieson, recently received a letter asking for details about the convention of especial interest to the Women's on-to-Detroit Committee of the local Rotary club. Here is the reply.*

DEAR Florence—Am I glad! Just as I was about to dash off a long delayed letter telling you not to miss the Rotary convention, along comes your note with the good news that you *are* coming with Jack! And you want some first hand details to get your crowd interested in coming along with their hubbies? Settle down in that porch swing, my dear—you're going to read plenty!

First of all, I'm glad you realize by this time that your family and household can get along without you for a few days. Sell that idea to your Rotary Ann friends, and tell them for us in Detroit that after these last few strenuous years, we just *know* they need a change. These Rotarian husbands of ours know it too, and I think they realize that they actually have a better time at conventions—at least Rotary conventions—when we're along.

You see it's a big four or five day party. Of course the men will be at meetings—part of the time! And we can be, too, if we wish—we're welcome.

But I'm ahead of my story. Let's begin at the beginning. Now, be sure, whether you drive or not, to get here by Sunday, the 24th, if possible, so as not to miss the evening concert. By the way, all of the big entertainment features will be held in the Temple Auditorium—and that's something you've not seen, for it's new since you left Detroit—right on Cass Park, which of course you remember, and not over ten minutes from the hotel and shopping centers—a huge, but beautiful building, large enough to take care of all the convention activities.

But I must hurry on. Here are some more events, day by day, that will thrill you. The Chrysler Choir gives a program Monday night, and that's *the* thing in Detroit today—the motor industry gone musical! It's the personal pride of Mr. Chrysler, and is *too grand* to describe. The same night—same place,—dancing with Mardi Gras effects in the street and park, and another good orchestra in the Temple. By the way, let's plan to meet our old friends in the House of Friendship.

Tuesday the women of Rotary are going to see some of our motor-car plants.

The big event Wednesday is, of course, the President's Ball. What a colorful and thrilling occasion that will be, with nearly every country in the world represented! This is the social climax of the convention, when President John Nelson and Mrs. John lead the grand march.

Wednesday afternoon is free, so wouldn't you like to plan a drive to Bloomfield? I know you'll want to see the old familiar places, as well as the beautiful new estates, and possibly that unusual school—Cranbrook. And the Art Museum—that's new since you left. You may not like them—opinions differ—but you certainly should see the famous Rivera murals!

In spite of the Ball, you'll want to get a good rest Wednesday night, for Thursday's a big day—you're going to Henry Ford's Greenfield Village!

ANYWAY, that night we sail on the Moonlight—and I still maintain that there's no river like the Detroit. A full moon is guaranteed—some N.R.A. rule I think. We'll see Belle Isle and Lake St. Clair again (by the way, how would you like a dip in the Boat Club pool—that's quite famous, too). Well, I'm not much good on adjectives, Florence, but just writing about this four-day party makes me enthusiastic!

My time's up! I haven't said a word about shopping—but Detroit, you know, has some famous merchants! You won't know the old place! And the hotels—just as fine as you want! I haven't said much about swimming or anything about golf or many other things. You can ride any hobby you want to, visit Canada—the Ontario Rotarians are a fine crowd, and so are their ladies.

Just remind the other Rotarian wives, too, that while Detroit is a good all-season town, it puts on its best bib-and-tucker in June. You know that, so do I, and so does Jack. We just want the Rotary women from all over the world to find it out for themselves! So stir up your crowd! Give them the message I first heard before the Cleveland convention nine years ago: "Don't send him—bring him!"

Well, cheerio! Till June 24th, when I'll be seeing you! Love to the family,

Yours,

GEORGIA JAMIESON.

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## Let Me Show You My Home Town

[Continued from page 24]

Two days later he had found rest.

But in him on that Saturday morning I saw the spirit of Detroit; the spirit of Rotary; the spirit of a very truly great man. All his life had been spent trying to better things; trying to better the way for others; trying to better life on earth and at eighty-seven he still had dreams of conquests yet to be.

Many of you will go to the automobile factories. I wish all of you would go, but I hope that you will see them as something more than a great place where motor cars are made. I have been through them many times, but I could not now describe a single operation to you. I could only say that there is an assembly line upon which a frame grows into a car and under which hundreds of men are constantly at work. It is the men, not the product, that interest me. I find myself always wondering who they are and what they're dreaming of.

**O**NE day last spring I took Tony Wons, the radio artist to the Ford plant. As we were moving along that nervous assembly line, suddenly from below a clean-cut man appeared. He still had a wrench in his hand; there was grease on his hands and face; he was clad in yellow overalls.

"How do you do?" he said with great courtesy.

I introduced Mr. Wons to him and we chatted for just a minute and back that young man went to his task.

"What name did you say?" asked Mr. Wons.

"That young gentleman," I said, "is Prince Louis Ferdinand, of Germany; grandson of the ex-Kaiser."

Prince Louis Ferdinand was learning the motor industry—and learning it from the bottom up. The workmen knew him and admired him; he greatly admired his fellow toilers; thus prince and pauper had found a common brotherhood.

Mr. Ford has often said to me that there is nothing human beings have ever learned to do that is not represented by experts in his factory. From acrobat to zouave; from peasant to philosopher; watchmaker to molder; actor, artist, minister, fortune teller, astrologer, they are all there and all working to better in some way, if possible, this earth for human habitation.

There is a will now being worked out in Detroit which every Rotarian should read. It is the sort of testament which

every Rotarian would like to write. While its maker was not known as a Rotarian, had he been president of a club or president of Rotary International, had he served on all the committees and attended every convention, Horace Rackham could not have better caught the spirit of Rotary.

I write these lines of Horace Rackham because it was my privilege to have him for my friend. At one time, after great fortune had come to him, he told me that in his early years as a lawyer had some one offered him a life contract to do legal work at \$3,500 a year he would gladly have signed and considered his fortune made. He was a neighbor and friend to Henry Ford. When few had faith in the automobile dreamer, Horace Rackham believed. The story is too long to tell in detail here, but when Mr. Rackham died about a year ago he was worth more than twenty million dollars.

Made rich beyond the dreams of avarice, he never pampered himself or lowered by an inch his standard of right living. He never did anything merely because he could afford it. Modest and retiring always, he lived simply and most courageously. There were those who smiled behind his back because he made no vain expenditure upon himself. In big things they knew him to be most generous. They thought he should have walked the easier way with himself. He chose the harder path of self denial. He refused to do what others thought he ought to do. He refused to sacrifice his own standard to win the approval of the unthinking. That calls for courage of a rare order.

When he died there went 'round the world the news of his extraordinary will. First providing for his widow and kin, that entire fortune was left to humanity. Twenty million dollars for the benefit of mankind; to science for the preservation of health; to care for aged and the crippled; to deserving youth who earnestly seek an education; to everything Rotary stands for and commends, that vast fortune is consecrated.

The will is a human document of kindness and high thinking; it was written and conceived by a great soul that had deep understanding of the sorrows of the world and it seems to throb, as he must have throbbed, with the great yearning to do something about them.

Horace Rackham loved the game of golf. He found both health and enjoyment in that sport. His was not, however, a selfish love. Many, many times I

have played with him. The Detroit Golf Club owes much of its beauty to him. Most of us want the best for ourselves; we want the exclusive course with the perfect conditions and we give little thought to others less fortunate than ourselves. Not so with Mr. Rackham, I think he never played a round without wishing that every true lover of the game might know the joy of such a links. He wanted fellow citizens to be as happy as himself.

In that spirit he built and gave to Detroit an eighteen-hole golf course. Donald Ross was engaged to construct it, and finally to the golfers of Detroit was delivered a club complete in every detail and as fine as the finest. Few men are so thoughtful that they wish their less fortunate brothers to be as comfortable and happy as they themselves are; most of us will buy a cup of coffee and a sinker for the hungry man; not many of us will set him down to a turkey dinner.

**S**O I say that in countless places in Detroit you will find the Rotary spirit being exemplified.

Detroit has been hard hit by the depression; some of our finest families have been brought to the verge of ruin. Fortunes have been swept away and hurt and loss have struck at high places. However, you will hear no whimpering in June. You will see evidence of great courage everywhere. Hope has not been abandoned.

Detroit is at work, leading the way for the nation to the new and better era. Men everywhere are busy doing and planning. Prosperity is to return and it is on the way to the country, via Detroit. Detroit has lost much, but not its spirit. It is not ruined; it is not decaying; it is not withering. It has suffered but it has not whimpered over loudly.

Detroit will welcome you in June with smiles and hearty handclaps. It won't burden you for a minute with its troubles; unless you ask about them you will never guess its heartaches. It will show you evidences of hope and faith in the future; it will spin dreams of new splendors to be achieved; it will show you new models and new ideas and will, I am sure, send you back to your home towns with restored confidence in your nation and in humanity.

Come and catch something of the spirit of Detroit; see for a little while my home city with that eyesight which looks deep into the soul of things.

# Greetings, Rotarians!



## .. AND AN INVITATION TO VISIT THE HOME OF CADILLAC AND LA SALLE

THE CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY joins with all Detroit in welcoming the members of Rotary International to our city. . . . May your stay be pleasant, your Convention successful in all ways. . . . And while you are here, we cordially invite you to visit the Cadillac factory and see the manufacture of the new Cadillac V-8, V-12 and V-16 and the new streamlined La Salle. . . . We shall be very happy to receive you; we will do everything possible to make your visit a memorable one; and we believe you will find much to interest you in the home of Cadillac and La Salle.

C A D I L L A C   M O T O R   C A R   C O M P A N Y

P R O D U C T   O F   G E N E R A L   M O T O R S

## Little Limbs Made Straight

[Continued from page 27]

However, a series of X-ray studies disclosed that the hip was gradually healing, the position good, and finally on July 20th of last year he left the hospital in braces and for the first time had the use of his own feet. He was a happy and apparently cured boy. The subsequent reports have been most gratifying. At the present time he is able to go to school, walk with comfort, and is looking forward to the time when the fusion

has become so secure that the braces may be entirely discarded.

The membership feels that the Rotary ward is the outstanding achievement in the Mobile club's history. Its success is due, in a large measure, to the constant encouragement, the consistent coöperation, and the intelligent direction of those officials of the State of Alabama, in the rehabilitation service of the Vocational Education division of the State

Department of Education, who are responsible for crippled children. They, in conjunction with the Alabama Society for Crippled Children, provide the case workers, furnish transportation to and from the hospital, and provide the braces, casts and X-rays, free of cost.

The Mobile Rotary Club, in return for having financed the construction of this ward, received a guarantee from the Mobile Infirmary of the use of two beds for ten years, free of any expense to the patients occupying them. The contract provides further, that the remaining twenty-three beds are available at the cost of two dollars per day, during the life of the contract, and that this charge shall cover all expense of hospitalization.

Inspired by the wonderful opportunity for service, a kind-hearted young woman of Mobile endowed a bed for the entire year of 1933.

The Twenty-sixth District conference was held in Mobile in March, 1933. The delegates visited the ward and were so impressed by what they saw that they voted the residue of the conference fund to endow a bed for six months.

The Alabama State Department of Education utilizes the beds of this ward, and their records show, that in a period of twenty months, this ward furnished 3,351 hospital days to crippled children, who but for this opportunity would have retained their handicap for life.

**T**HE results obtained from the operation of the ward have surpassed the fondest hopes of those who proposed its construction. Further, the Mobile Rotary Club has offered to every other Rotary club in the Twenty-sixth District the use of the facilities which it has provided. It invites these clubs to send crippled children from their own communities to Rotary's Orthopedic Ward at Mobile for rehabilitation. It wants them to share in the joy of giving to children with twisted limbs and bent bones the joy of living that comes to their own children.

Children from fourteen counties in Alabama are now able to run, skip, and play like normal children because of the treatment they have received in the Rotary ward.

In Mobile, those who know, tell you that if the Rotary club had done nothing else but this, it would have justified its existence. Moreover, Mobile Rotarians will tell you that there is no work that gives quite the thrill of satisfaction as that of helping boys and girls, handicapped through no fault of their own, to run and play like normal boys and girls.



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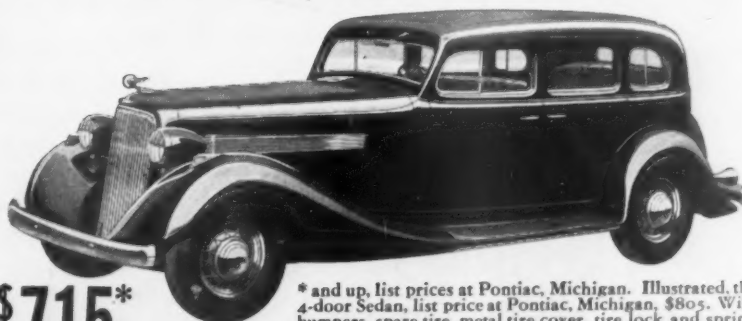
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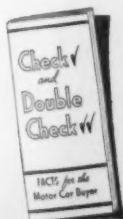


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## You Need No Key to Detroit!

[Continued from page 11]

Phelps. His acute observations on literature and life, well known to readers of his numerous books, *THE ROTARIAN* and other magazines, have been enriched by years of fellowship in the New Haven, Connecticut, Rotary Club.

Wednesday afternoon will be a free afternoon to many, but those who are particularly interested in Community and Youth Service problems will find roundtables for the discussion of these subjects on a world-wide basis.

Wednesday night will be a great social occasion. First of all there will be two important dinners, one the British Empire Dinner, and the other the Spanish-Portuguese Dinner. This year the British Empire Dinner will be in charge of the Australians, and Rotarians from all the far-flung parts of the Empire will participate. The Spanish-Portuguese Dinner, in view of the decision of the Board of Directors to hold the 1935 convention in Mexico City, will be of particular interest.

**T**HE emphasis of the convention will swing to International Service on Thursday. There will be addresses by Dr. Herbert N. Shenton, executive secretary of the International Language Association, and Charles D. Hurrey of New York, general secretary of the Committee on Friendly Relations Among Foreign Students. The high point of interest in the morning will very probably be reached when representatives of a dozen different lands sit down around a great table on the stage and each in turn tells what Rotary can do and has done toward the improvement of international relationships and in the cultivation of international friendships in far-flung parts of the world. In a few moments, set aside for memorial to the late James W. Davidson, Past President Allen D. Albert will review "Jim's" outstanding service to Ro-

tary. Thoughts developed by the morning session will be amplified in the roundtable discussions of the afternoon.

A steamship ride up the Detroit River to Lake St. Clair and down to Lake Erie will be the entertainment feature of Thursday evening. Aboard ship there will be dancing and musical entertainment. Special entertainment for the ladies will be provided on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, with opportunities to visit many historic spots in and around Detroit, and specially conducted tours through the great automobile factories.

Friday morning will have its committee reports and its minor addresses, but it is expected to reach its climax in an address by Bishop James E. Freeman of Washington, D.C. Taking as his topic, "Peace by Peoples," Bishop Freeman will trace the contributions which have been made by the peoples of all lands to the civilization which has come around the world, and will seek in it the avenues through which the continued peace and happiness of man may be obtained. Roy Loudon, Chairman of the Rotary Foundation Promotion Committee, will follow with a talk on the Rotary interest represented by his group.

Such is the structure of the convention. Into it there will be woven hours of entertainment to suit the desires of the individual. The multifold recreational facilities of Detroit and the Great Lakes region will be open to Rotarians for boating, golf, and motoring. Hotel facilities will be more than ample even for the throng which is expected in a city so close to the center of Rotary population. Best of all, in the Detroit Rotary Club and the hundred neighboring clubs which are acting as joint hosts, the Rotary family will find sincere welcome.

The latch-string, they tell us, is not hanging out—there just isn't any door!

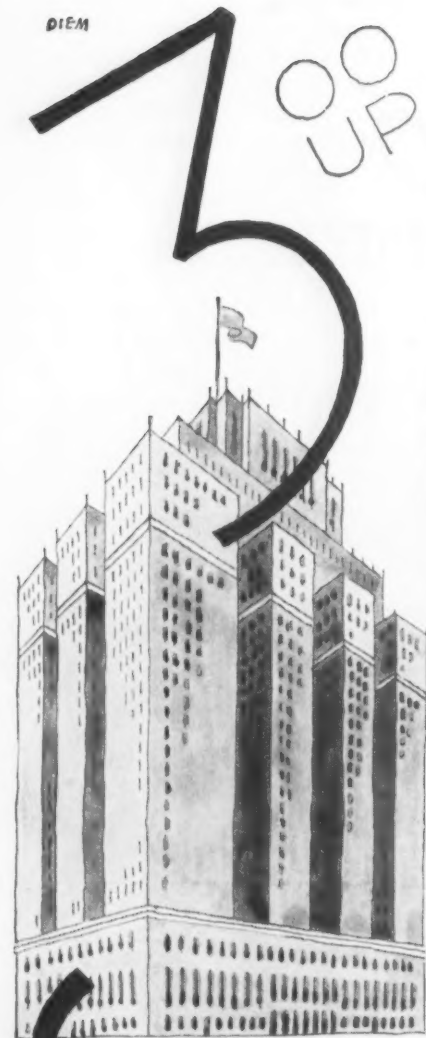
## The Canyon

**Y**OU serpentine thing,  
How vain you are  
Threading your way  
To distance so far.

Just because the march  
Of centuries  
Marks your body,  
You hurl mockeries.

Smart thing, you boast now  
With infernal  
Glee. You will fade;  
I am eternal.

—JEWELL MATTHEWS.



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## Have You Met Mr. Toadflax?

[Continued from page 18]

the flesh contacts with these, it gets a dose of the same sort of poison that a honeybee, hornet, or yellow jacket injects into a flesh wound. This is not unusual, but surely Wood Nettle knows that the animal that comes to bite his foliage, or to tramp it to the ground, can sense pain and will flee from the things that produce misery.

But Wood Nettle knows something else: In the top of this plant there grows a pyramidal cluster of female flowers. Down the stalk beneath the large green leaves there appear queer things that look like skeleton leaves. These odd-looking creations are set with hundreds of tiny male flowers, each one about the size of a small pin head. In the hot sunshine these male flowers shoot into the air one by one and explode, each one making a pollen dust cloud about two inches in diameter. As the smokelike mass floats over the top of the plant, the tiny particles settle over the female flowers and leave them pollenized.

You may ask, "How do they know how to do this?" No person can answer that.

It is a pitiable situation with the Pitcher Plant and most of the other carnivorous plants, for they grow in soil that is deficient in nitrogen. This compels the plant to look for its main source of food supply from above the ground. To do this, it is necessary that the plant know the habits of certain kinds of insects that would be regarded in the higher animals as game birds. Whether the plant had previous knowledge of the habits of insects I am sure I shall never know, but the Pitcher Plant twists his long green leaves into pitcher-like receptacles, and each one is narrowed down almost to a point at the base. Near this point there exudes a sweet substance for a bait. When the insect innocently ventures inside and reaches the bottom of the trap and has dined, it finds no room to flap its wings to help it rise, and so perishes. Then the Pitcher-leaf becomes a stomach, digestive fluids are secreted, and the insect-steaks become food. One of the most interesting observations to note is that when Pitcher Plant is gluttonous and seems to eat too much of this meat, he appears to develop a sort of liver trouble and begins to turn yellow. At times he appears as though he were threatened with yellow jaundice.

The Pitcher Plant is wise enough to keep a green canopy hanging over the mouth of his pitcher to prevent the rains from filling it with water. There are

parasitic insects that slip inside the Pitcher and there deposit their eggs. When these hatch, the young feed on the food that belongs to the plant and when fully grown each of these insects gnaws out a hole through the wall of the pitcher and makes its escape by crawling out.

**T**HERE is no noticeable motion in the behavior of the Pitcher Plant, but in Venus' Flytrap, one witnesses an action that seems to be governed directly by a human mind. In this remarkable creation, the leaf is divided into two parts and arranged as an open vessel shell. On the inside of each half are three tiny hair-like triggers. The outside edges of the leaves have filaments that interlock when the leaf is closed, as a person locks his fingers on both hands when he brings his two palms together.

The insect, flying or walking into a Venus' Flytrap to reach the bait, strikes the hair-triggers, throws the trap, and the two leaf-halves close instantly upon the visitor, making him a prisoner so secure that all it can do is to peep through the filaments as a man looks through the prison door when in jail. The leaf-halves continue pressing together until they are so tight the insect dies. The trap then becomes a stomach, pours out its digestive fluids, and the flesh becomes food. When the insect has been digested, the leaf slowly opens and lets the legs, wings, and other indigestible parts drop out. Then the trap is reset for another meal.

If a small stick, clod, or stone is dropped into Venus' Flytrap, he springs the trigger and the trap closes, but he does not take long to discover that he has caught something inedible, whereupon he opens up, and the object tumbles out. This would seem to indicate that Venus' Flytrap has a real mind of his own.

The delicate but very popular wild flower known as Indian Pipe is a parasite because he pilfers the food from the small hair-roots of his next-door neighbors. Indian Pipe clings to shady nooks of dim-lit forests, for he cannot stand the sunshine. His tender white, or pure pink, body is bare of foliage except for a few bracts that seem to point out where leaves ought to grow. He holds his flower-head in a nodding position. This nodding habit, together with the shape of the flowerhead, resembles the bowl of a pipe, and the plant body forms what corresponds, roughly, to the pipestem.

## ALICE MOCKS THE MOCK TURTLE



"We've had a lot of arithmetic," said the Mock Turtle, including the Gryphon in his glance. "But we can't figure out how anyone can go to Europe this year."

"Why, that's simple," said Alice. "You just send your baggage down to the pier and go aboard a steamship."

"But, Exchange Rates," shouted the other two in chorus.

Alice looked blank. "So what?" she said. "Just what have exchange rates to do with a round trip steamship passage from New York?"

• • •

Any way you figure it, steamship passage is the biggest item in a European tour. And not only is that fixed, with exchange rates entirely out of the picture . . . but at the low 1934 rates, a round trip to Europe stands out as the biggest value the Cunard Line has offered in years. A room with bath, First Class in the Aquitania now costs 37% less than in 1926, President Roosevelt's "Year of Normalcy" . . . and the average minimum First Class rate is down by 20%.

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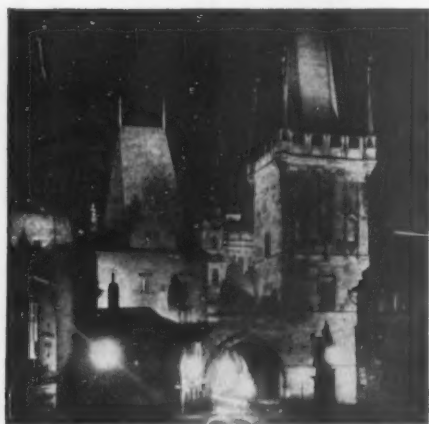
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His neck is so stiff that it would break off were it forced to straighten up. However, just as soon as the flower matures, the head begins slowly to move upwards of its own accord, until finally it looks squarely into the heavens overhead. At this time Indian Pipe loses all resemblance that his common name suggests, and his sudden change from the humble attitude to that of the more dignified position makes it look as though he were beseeching the blessings of a just God.

I have been growing in my wild flower garden a large Green Dragon, a half brother or a full cousin, at least, of Indian Turnip. While Green Dragon makes a bulb like his cousin, he grows an entirely different shaped stem and crown. He sends up a large stem from the bulb in springtime that may reach from one to three feet high. As the stem nears the top, it divides into two parts and grows into the shape of a horseshoe. On the horseshoe, which is held aloft, it arranges in a most attractive manner,

the beautiful, green, leather-like leaves.

Of all the wild flowers that I have ever grown, Mr. Green Dragon is the only one that seems to hemstitch his leaves. Just when and how he gets the depressed line about the margin of his foliage, which looks precisely as if it had been done on a sewing machine, I do not know. At any rate, Green Dragon thus expresses a human trait of working out a design that is different from the leaves of his neighbors or nearest relatives.

Yes, plants are like humans in many ways and, I think, they understand our acts, kind or cruel, as our human friends do. If we could comprehend the language they speak, and they, on the other hand, could understand ours, it is quite likely that we should be able to learn much of value to us in the management of our affairs, private and public.

But wild flowers, like all other living creatures in the world today, animals and plants, comprehend but one speech and that is the language of love and kindness.

## Water Hyacinths

By Rabindranath Tagore

Translated by Nagendranath Gupta

*My songs are floating hyacinths;*

*They are not fixed where they are born;*

*They have no roots; they have but leaves and flowers.*

*They take the joy of light and dance on waves;*

*They have no home; and they put nothing by;*

*Like unknown guests they come at uncertain hours.*

*When July comes with eye-entrancing clouds;*

*And torrents drown both shores;*

*My hyacinths wild and wave-tossed*

*Lose their way in the flood and are swept*

*Many ways to many lands!*

## 'Sure, I'll Try Again!'—Gar Wood

[Continued from page 30]

engines, touched the throttle, and as straight as an arrow the boat flew like a living thing up the St. Clair River. Wood didn't know how fast they were going, but he gave Johnson the signal for open throttle. Johnson responded. Bedlam broke loose. The flesh on their bodies was being torn from their bones. At least, that's how it seemed. The whole thundering herd of two thousand horsepower was riding through Wood's head. The boat seemed to stand still while all the world was flying by them at tremendous speed. Wood swung his head around to the stern, just for a fleeting moment. He seemed to be at the base of a giant

cataract with tons of water thundering down toward him. The thing defied description.

Wood took a quick look at Johnson. He never would have known him. Johnson's face was whipped out of shape by the wind. They went this way about a mile. An explosion! All Wood's sensations ceased. The first feeling he had was that of ice cold water. He didn't know if he were alive, unconscious, or dead. He opened his eyes. What he saw he couldn't explain very well but he knew he was in a swift whirlpool of flying sticks and gas tanks spinning in a deafening roar.

The water kept getting more like ice every minute and the water pressure became almost unendurable. He knew then that he was sinking to the bottom of the river. His hands were still on the steering wheel. He didn't know exactly about his arms or legs, whether he still had them with him or not. He kept hanging on to the wheel. The water pressure became so strong though and he wanted to breathe so badly that he had to take his hands from the wheel and try for the surface not knowing if he was in condition to swim. He took his hands off the wheel, shook his arms and legs a little and was almost sure they were still with him. He said afterward that his trip to the surface seemed the longest trip he ever took.

**W**HEN Wood got to the surface of the water he saw gas tanks still spinning, the water covered with blood, his boat in millions of slivers. The blood told him that Orlin Johnson had been badly hurt or killed. The force of the water had swept Johnson out of the boat. The thought made Wood feel faint. He struggled to a floating gas tank and hung on. A boat came to the rescue and in a moment Johnson's face came to the surface covered with blood. His face had been wrenched out of shape and he was still bleeding from a deep gash across his throat.

Both Wood and Johnson were taken to the dock in a hurry. Johnson remained unconscious for more than an hour. The first thing he said when he opened his eyes was:

"Guess we'll have to build another boat."

The hull then floating around the St. Clair River in slivers had cost Wood \$10,000. The engines that were buried somewhere at the bottom of the river had cost him \$20,000. The teddy bears tied to the engines—Wood's talismans—had cost 40 cents.

Wood asked Johnson how fast they were going when the boat broke up. The last thing Johnson remembered on the tachometer was 2,400 revolutions a minute. With the thirty-six inch propeller arc it meant 105 miles an hour, but allowing seven miles an hour for slippage, Wood figured that his Miss America VI was traveling at the unheard of speed of 98 miles an hour. That was two years before Seagrave was smashed to his death in the Miss England II.

Wood sent Johnson to the hospital in Detroit where he lay in plaster casts on his broken ribs. Wood started to build a new boat, Miss America VII. He had fifteen days left to find the engines at

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the bottom of the river, overhaul them, and build a new hull. The boys at Algonac worked day and night. Bell-divers searched the bottom of the river. They found the engines in four days with the teddy bears still tied to them. The engines were sent to Colonel J. G. Vincent of the Packard Motor Car Company in Detroit and with his whole staff of engineers he tore them down, overhauled, and cleaned them. Two days before the race with Betty Carstairs with the English boat, they were set into the new hull.

The world knows the history of that 1928 race, how Wood's new boat fled around the course while the other boats were cracking up and sinking, while Betty Carstairs took a ducking in the Detroit River after her beautiful boat cracked up. Wood had a lot more speed in his new boat than he used. After the race was won and the Harmsworth Trophy was safe for another year he didn't care whether he smashed the boat up or not. He took it out on the river and went ninety-three miles an hour in an official world record.

He didn't know then that a year later, while his Miss America VIII and his teddy bears were again leading the way to victory over Betty Carstairs, that those same engines in the Miss America VII

would be at the bottom of the Adriatic Sea in Italy while Orlin Johnson and Gar's brother, Phil, were dazed from another disaster that almost sent them to their death. The Miss America VII was completely smashed to pieces but the lives of those two boys were saved. That's all that mattered to Gar.

Those were the same engines that gave Wood the thrill and the distinction of being the first man to travel over 100 miles an hour on the water, the same engines that broke the world's speed record three times on Indian River, Florida, the same engines that helped Wood defeat Kaye Don two years in succession, that drove Wood over the waters of the St. Clair River to another speed record of 125 miles an hour in his Miss America X. Those engines have history back of them.

\* \* \*

It was 4:45 in the afternoon. The starting signal was to go off at 5:00. The Miss England II moved out from its moorings and was being towed across the Detroit River to the judges' stand amid a clamor of horns, sirens, whistles, and bombs.

Kaye Don and his two mechanics, all fitted out in white overalls, strapped in by steel-protecting life preservers, stood

on the deck of their challenger—stalwart, healthy, fearless young Britons, ready to ride to their death for old Britannia, challenging the master for speedboat honors. The stout hearts of these young men made the chills run up and down a million backs, as they stood there moving slowly across the river to get ready for the start. It was momentous, stirring, gripping, testimony of Britain's ambition to be supreme on the water. That little island in the Atlantic was here today in a friendly, calm, but pretentious way to take the last speed honors that America felt slipping from its fist.

The ruddy glow of the river colored the faces of these boys in the light of an already departing sun. The lake had begun to flash the golden sparks of its western sunsets. The hearts of these young Britons must have pounded harder to see that great mass of humanity that America had poured out to do them homage. It was a sight they had never seen in England, a sight they may never see in this world again. The stage was set for a great spectacle.

Faded now into the misty scenes of our yesterdays is the drama of personalities, hulls, engines, and superchargers enacted on the Detroit River in September, 1931.

The duelling between Gar Wood and Kaye Don on those two days has touched the story of motorboating with an heroic glamor that glints no other page in the history of these events.

If the reader would understand these things he must be able to feel the fierce drama of it all, he must know that the nerves of two men were battle-fired, he must picture the tension . . . the danger . . . two engine-thonged boats jockeying for the start down the straightaway stretch toward the gun, the thundering roar of giant engines, five time-balls dropping one each minute from the starting line, the flag . . . the gun . . . wide open across the line and spinning into the first turn . . . one million people gasping. The reader must sense these things. To have seen them is to have seen great drama. The ghost of infinite engineering triumphs walks upon those scenes when the sun throws its red coin into the West and flings it into the sea.

What happened in the second heat?

Both boats shot across the starting line over five seconds ahead of the gun, Miss England 7:26 seconds, Miss America, 9:56 seconds. Both boats were disqualified. Both boats kept going. After Miss England completed the first turn and was being righted for the dash again up

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the other straightaway toward the upper turn she veered out of control, turned turtle, dove, and sank. Kaye Don and his two mechanics were thrown clear of the boat and were safe. Wood swept his Miss America IX on ahead not knowing what had happened behind him. He was flagged off the course at the judges' stand when he started his second lap. Miss America VIII (Wood had two boats in the race) unable to cope with the speed of the other two boats, went across the line after the gun was fired, completed the race and kept the trophy for America.

Under the international rules, when a boat goes over the line five seconds or less ahead of the starting gun it is penalized three times the number of seconds it is early in going over. If it goes across over five seconds ahead of the gun it is automatically disqualified. Both boats had gone across over five seconds too early. Both were disqualified. Miss England was therefore out of the race even before she flipped and sank.

Wood asked about the safety of Don and his men, and when told they were secure, he returned joyous to his home at Grayhaven . . . the fierce tension gone . . . happy as a boy that the great Harmsworth Trophy was again safe for another year.

**T**HE following winter he took his bulleting thunderbolt to the Indian River in Florida and, like the mad Martian that he seemed to be, flew that stick of polished wood up and down that slip of southern glass nine times until he broke the world's speed record with a new mark of 111.712 miles an hour.

Seven times he sent that boat across the measured mile before he actually broke the record. The eighth time he beat Don's world record by *almost* one-half mile. The rules demanded that any new record must be one-half nautical mile more than the former record. Wood had missed the official record by one-sixth of a tick of a watch. A watch ticks five times a second, Wood was traveling 162 feet a second. He was short of the record by .032 second or 5.2 feet.

The Yachtsmen's Association of America repudiated the record even though Wood had actually gone faster than any man had ever driven a boat. His average was 110.785. Don's record was 110.223. Wood shot his boat across the measured mile twice more. He averaged 111.712 miles an hour. That was the new world's record.

Wood came back to his Grayhaven castle in Detroit. It was in January, 1932.

## After the Convention . .

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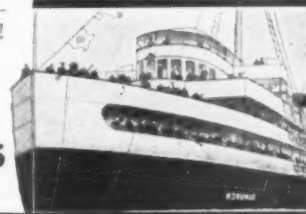
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Five men were in his trophy room. An organ throbbed softly somewhere back in the vault. The Old Fox of the water had one knee on the floor and was tracing for four engineers the shape of a new boat on the carpet.

"It can't be done, Mr. Wood. You can't place those engines in tandem that way," one of the engineers said.

"Well, it's going to be done," Wood told him. "I need a boat just like that and we're going to build it. Take my engines out of the old boats and overhaul them. We'll be ready for that race in September."

"You may as well put a torpedo in a peanut or a bomb in an oyster shell," the engineer retorted. "The first trial in that boat will kill you."

"I'll take that chance," was Wood's only comment.

The four engineers got up suddenly and walked out of that place into the night. Wood went to bed.

**O**NE morning in June of 1932 I was at Wood's plant and at the door of his boatwell. Drama was hanging there. The greatest powerplant in the world stuck into a thin, quivering piece of Philippine mahogany. Four giant engines were ready to tear that stick of wood to pieces. Sixteen carburetors were ready to pour five gallons of gasoline into those engines every mile. Ninety-six spark plugs were waiting for the spark that would send them clicking and firing along the great ways sending out 3,744,000 sparks every thirty miles. The power of fifty Ford engines was here jammed into one hull. More than twice the power of the largest steam locomotive in America.

History was hanging there too. Two of these engines had been dug up from the bottom of the St. Clair River. The other two had been fished out of the Adriatic Sea, where his brother Phil Wood almost went to his death driving the Miss America VII. Wood's two talismans, his teddy bears, were still tied to them. Sixty-four horses strapped fast to a mahogany thunderbolt, ready to belch great amber torches that carried in their flames victory for America, for Algonac, for Gar Wood. Four engines set in tandem. The engineers said it couldn't be done. Gar Wood did it. He had drawn the figure of this speed ship six months before on the carpet of his castle.

The world did not know that Wood had built a new masterpiece. Around its brilliant mahogany hulk was thrown a magic carpet that held safely in its stomach America's power secret. And now, just when the June dawn was rolling fast

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Take the Children to Enchanted Island . . . Adventure Land . . . the Laughing Forest . . . the Cave of the Winds . . . the Magic Mountain . . . the Mystic Maze . . . the Canyon . . . the Trail.

Walk silently through the Hall of Religion . . . the Lama Shrine, Golden Temple of Jehol . . . the Nunnery of Uxmal, a Mayan Temple, ancient in the jungles of Yucatan before white man came.

See youthful America . . . Betsy Ross' house . . . the Pirates' Gao! . . . Paul Revere's House . . . Mount Vernon . . . Ben Franklin's Press . . . Old Fort Dearborn, where Chicago was born . . . Lincoln's Rutledge Tavern.

Go into the new Streamlined Trains . . . cooled and air-conditioned . . . flashing speed, 110-miles-an-hour . . . made of aluminum alloy . . . and stainless steel . . . a new era in rail transport.

Dine famously in famous places . . . Old Heidelberg, Old Vienna . . . the Casino . . . the storied Cheshire Cheese Inn . . . the Rancho, peppery foods . . . the Creole, restaurant, spicy sauces, eat the food of far distant places in the enchanting villages.

And fun at the Beach Midway . . . thrills and fascination . . . ballyhoo, freaks, strange animals and stranger people . . . breath-taking rides . . . fireworks and bands . . . pageants and out-of-doors sports.

Joy, Happiness, Thrills . . . Gaiety and fun . . . Let's go!

**A CENTURY OF PROGRESS . . . 1934 CHICAGO MAY 26 to NOV. 1**

out of the East, while the world and Algonac were asleep, eight people saw the new defender of the British International (Harmsworth) Trophy, Miss America X, slip out of its cradle for its first taste of water and charge like 6,400 steeds up the river.

It was epochal. That boat was writing the history of daring in the waters of that turquoise river. It came back fast with two mad Martians riding in its cockpit, was again strung up in the well, and we came away speechless at the drama of it all.

## Suggestions for Further Reading

STILL THE WORLD'S GREAT ILLUSION (*International Service*), Sir Norman Angell, page 6.

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Signs of Hope in European Affairs, Allan Nevins, *Current History*, May, 1934.

Argosies of Trade, Donovan Richardson, *Christian Science Monitor Weekly Magazine*, Jan. 24, 1934.

Planning International Trade, G. D. H. Cole, *Foreign Affairs*, Jan., 1934.

How to Keep Out of the Next War, Lathrop Stoddard, *Scribner's Magazine*, May, 1934.

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If War Is to Be Averted, Norman Thomas, *World Tomorrow*, Oct., 1933.

THESE ARTICLES from THE ROTARIAN: Diplomats Don't Make Wars, Frank H. Simonds, Mar., 1934; The Anarchy in Men's Minds, Salvador de Madariaga, Jan., 1934; My Country—Right or Wrong, Abbé Ernest Dimmet, May, 1933; A Credo for a New Day, Willem Hendrik Van Loon, June, 1933.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING IN SOVIET LAND? (*International Service*), Karl Scholz, page 19.

Soviet Individualism, Alzada Comstock, *Current History*, May, 1934.

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Russians Want Fine Clothes, *Literary Digest*, Mar. 17, 1934.

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Duranty Reports Russia, Walter Duranty, *Viking Press*, N. Y., \$2.75.

THESE ARTICLES from THE ROTARIAN: Pages from a Russian Notebook, Bryllion Fagin, Aug., 1933; Should the United States Recognize Russia (a debate), Nov., 1933; An American Looks at Russia, Walter Locke, Aug., 1931; Note-taking Through Russia, Crombie Allen, May, 1932.

HAVE YOU MET MR. TOADFLAX? (*Leisure*), Robert Sparks Walker, page 16.

Collecting a Window Jungle, *Parents Magazine*, Sept., 1933.

Nature Appreciation as a Leisure Occupation, C. E. Graves, *Library Journal*, Aug., 1933.

Nature and Leisure—What Will We Do with More Time at Our Disposal, *Nature Magazine*, Sept., 1933.



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## Chats on Contributors

**T**HE many who have read Sir Norman Angell's *The Great Illusion* will not lack interest in his contribution to this month's ROTARIAN—*Still The World's Great Illusion*. His youth was passed in the western states of America, first in ranching and prospecting, and later in newspaper work; however, he returned to Europe in 1898 when at age 24 he became a correspondent for various American newspapers, and soon editor of *Galignani's Messenger* in Paris; for nine years he was general manager of the *Paris Daily Mail*, during which time he continued as a frequent contributor to the American journals, and a lecturer in American universities; also, writing several books on international and economic subjects. From 1929-31 he was both editor of *Foreign Affairs* (England) and a member of Parliament (Laborite) from North Bradford. It adds to the interest of Sir Norman's article to know that his allusion to the Vikings' raiding of the English coast is an illustration that literally comes close to home, for him, since the Northey Island, in Maldon, Essex, on which he lives, was in the tenth century the stronghold of Viking invaders.

• • •

**Karl Scholz, *What's Happening in Soviet Land?*** has travelled extensively in the Soviet Union, and has spent the last ten years in the study of Russian economic development. In 1932 he was one of a group of ten university professors of economics and sociology who, under the leadership of Professor Jerome Davis of Yale, covered some six thousand miles through the Russian hinterland. Dr. Scholz is professor of economics at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania.

**George H. Carley, *Here Baseball Was Born*,** is the one and only secretary of the Rotary Club of Cooperstown, New York (since 1923), where he is a retailer of automobiles.

• • •

**Edgar A. Guest, *Let Me Show You My Home Town*,** needs no introduction to Rotarians, for he has been a Detroit Rotarian since 1913 and has spoken before many Rotary clubs. Born in England, in 1881, he was brought to the United States at age ten; since 1895, he has been connected with the *Detroit Free Press* and has seen Detroit grow from a small city to America's motor capital. His verse and humorous sketches, which are syndicated, have made Eddie Guest a "visitor" in thousands of homes for many years. His better known verses include: *A Heap o' Livin'*, *Just Folks*, *When Day Is Done*, *Rhymes of Childhood*, and *The Friendly Way*. Listeners in on the Columbia radio network in the United States may now hear him on the "Household Program," every Tuesday evening.

• • •

This month's debate, *Mead vs. Cogville Rotary Club*, brings us the opinions of two men well-grounded in their understanding of Rotary.

**L. Dudley Field**, past governor of the 28th District, became a member of the Rotary Club of Binghamton, New York, in 1916; was director of that club for four years and chairman of various committees; in 1923, he joined the Rochester Rotary Club and has served it as director and president; he has assisted in the organization of the Rotary clubs of Oswego, Endicott, Johnson City, and Cortland, New York. "Dud" is president of the Defender Photo Supply Company of Rochester, manufacturers of photographic papers. . . . **Paul S. Bond**, before becoming governor of the 35th District in 1932, had served



**Robert Sparks Walker—  
naturalist, author, poet.**

his club at Charlotte, Michigan, as chairman of every committee, as a director, and as president. He is also accredited with a long-time perfect attendance record at both his club and at district conferences. Paul is division manager of the local utility company, has been president of the local Chamber of Commerce three years.

• • •

**Clinton P. Anderson, *You Need No Key to Detroit!***, as ROTARIAN readers know, was president of Rotary International in 1932-33. He operates a large casualty insurance business in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and is treasurer of his state. . . . **Robert Sparks Walker**, author and lecturer on nature study, *Have You Met Mr. Toadflax?* is not a new name to those who read THE ROTARIAN a few years ago. He has been editor of several Southern horticultural magazines, but is probably best known for his syndicated features to newspapers of poetic descriptions of wild flowers, and numerous articles, essays, poems, and short stories.

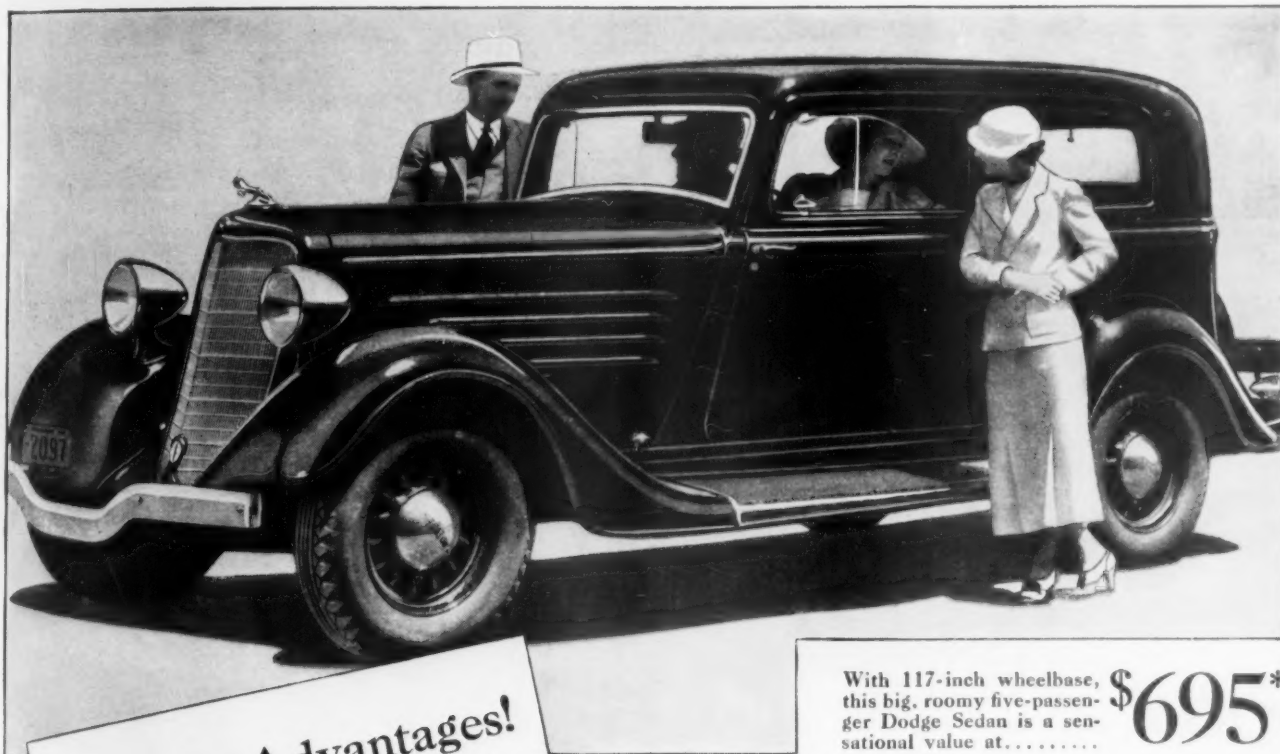
• • •

**Frank McAllister, *Open Up, Oyster!*** has long been a member of service clubs, was formerly a Kiwanian, is now president of the Rotary Club of Lexington, Massachusetts. Though his classification is "education—religion," he is known more widely for his editorial feature, "The Parson Talks," which appears in a number of newspapers. . . . **J. Lee Barrett, *Sure, I'll Try Again!***, a Detroit Rotarian, is executive vice-president of the Detroit Convention and Tourist Bureau and has had broad journalistic experience. . . . **Gar Wood**, of whom Mr. Barrett writes, is an honorary member of the Algonac, Michigan Rotary Club.

• • •

**Milton Brown, *Little Limbs Made Straight*,** is chairman of the Crippled Children Committee of the Rotary Club of Mobile, Alabama; his classification—cotton bagging. . . . **Roger Andrews, *Mackinac—Paradise for Dobbin***, in 1913-14 was a director of Rotary International; he is now an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Los Angeles, Calif., but lives in Menominee, Michigan. . . . **Donald R. McLaughlin, *Across the River, Ontario***, has been a member of the Toronto, Canada, Rotary Club since 1923.

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